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THE CAPITAL JOKE.

THE

EPICUREAN'S OWN BOOK

1460



THE BON MOT

KEY AND BIDDLE

1835.



[redacted]

Richard A. Aitken

THE

HUMOURIST'S

OWN BOOK:

1457

A CABINET OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ANECDOTES, BONS MOTS, SPORTS OF FANCY, AND TRAITS OF CHARACTER:

INTENDED

TO FURNISH OCCASION FOR REFLECTION AS WELL AS MIRTH.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF THE YOUNG MAN'S OWN BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA:

DESILVER, THOMAS & CO., 253 MARKET ST

1836.

From this book every thing h
which is unfit for reading at th

Entered according to the act of c
1833, by KEY & BIDDLE, in the cl
district court, of the eastern district

PREFACE.

THE compiler of the following work is among those who believe that the occasional indulgence in sallies of wit and sports of fancy is not only perfectly innocent, but entirely compatible with true manliness and dignity of character. He has not formed this conclusion hastily; but, from a pretty extensive observation, he believes himself able to pronounce, that men of the highest intellect in the various professions and circles of society, are generally characterized by a strong relish for humour, and a fondness for observing traits of originality and eccentricity. Indeed, it may be considered a pretty well-established fact, that a fine stroke of humour—a fair hit—finds a ready reception with the learned and the illiterate, the grave and the gay, the young and the old, or, in other words, approves itself to the common sense of mankind.

Most of the compilations of anecdotes, however, are rendered unfit for the perusal

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THE

Humourist's Own Book.

Whitfield.

Dr. Franklin, in his Memoirs, bears witness to the extraordinary effect which was produced by Mr. Whitfield's preaching in America; and relates an anecdote equally characteristic of the preacher and of himself. "I happened," says the doctor, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club; who being of my sentiments respecting the object of the charity, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution emptied his pockets before he came from home: towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was *fortunately* made to perhaps the only man in

company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, 'At any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses.'"

Casting Reflections.

In the late Professor Hill's class, the gilded buttons of one of the students happened to reflect the rays of the sun upon the Professor's face, who, as may be supposed, ordered the gentleman to give over throwing reflections on him. The student, totally ignorant of the matter, with the utmost simplicity said, "That he would be the last in the class who would *cast reflections* on the Professor."

Union of Literary Compositions.

At a large literary party in Edinburgh some years ago, it was mentioned that a certain well-known literary character had written two poems, one called "The Bible," the other "The Ocean;" that he was offering them to the booksellers, who, however, would not accede to his terms of publication; and that the worthy author was therefore puzzled not a little as to what he should do with his productions. "Why," remarked a sarcastic gentleman, who was present, "I think the doctor could not do better than throw the one into the other."

Pun by the Ettrick Shepherd.

Some literary and scientific gentlemen one day dined with Mr. Hogg at his farm of Mont Benger, *when it was* mentioned by some one, as a strange *thing, that Dr.* Parr should have lately been mar-

ried in a somewhat clandestine way, and that nobody knew who his wife was, or any thing about her. "Ah," said the shepherd, "I am afraid she must have been *a little below Par.*

Daft Willie Law

Was the descendant of an ancient family, nearly related to the famous John Law, of Lauriestoń, the celebrated financier of France. Willie, on that account, was often spoken to, and taken notice of, by gentlemen of distinction. Posting one day through Kirkaldy with more than ordinary speed, he was met by the late Mr. Oswald, of Dunnikier, who asked him where he was going in such a hurry. "Going!" says Willie, with apparent surprise, "I'm gaen to my cousin Lord Elgin's burial." "Your cousin Lord Elgin's burial, you fool! Lord Elgin's not dead," replied Mr. Oswald. "Ah! deil ma care," quoth Willie, "there's sax doctors out o' Embro' at 'im, and they'll hae him dead afore I win for it."

The Dead Alive.

Some hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way, and some in another; some have insisted that they were tea-pots, and some that they were town-clocks; one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But, perhaps, none of this blue-devil class ever matched in extravagance a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson, of Baltimore.

This hypochondriac, after ringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead, actually dead. Dr. Stevenson having been sent for one



morning in great haste, by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bed-side, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous.

"Well, sir, how do you do? how do you do, this morning?" asked Dr. Stevenson, in a jocular way, approaching his bed. "How do I do!" replied the hypochondriac faintly; "a pretty question to ask a dead man." "Dead!" replied the doctor. "Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock."

Dr. Stevenson putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful tone, "Yes, the poor man is dead enough; 'tis all over with him, and now the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering to her not to be frightened at the measures he was about to take, he called to the servant: "My boy, your poor master is dead; and the sooner he can be put in the ground the better. Run to C——m, for I know he always keeps New England coffins by him ready made; and, do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master makes a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long."

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the doctor, gathered round him, and howled not a little, while they were putting the body in the coffin. Presently the pall-bearers, who were quickly provided, and let into the secret, started with the hypochondriac for the church-yard. They had not gone far before they were met by

one of the town's people, who having been properly drilled by Stevenson, cried out, "Ah, doctor, what poor soul have you got there?"

"Poor Mr. B——," sighed the doctor, "left us last night."

"Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago," replied the other; "he was a bad man."

Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same question, "And what poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," answered the doctor again, "is dead."

"Ah! indeed," said the other; "and so he is gone to meet his deserts at last."

"Oh villain!" exclaimed the man in the coffin.

Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another stepped up with the old question again, "What poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," he replied, "is gone."

"Yes, and to the bottomless pit," said the other; "for if he has not gone there, I see not what use there is for such a place." Here the dead man, bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leaped out, exclaiming, "Oh you villain! I am gone to the bottomless pit, am I? Well, I am come back again, to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are." A chase was immediately commenced, by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at sight of a corpse, in all the horrors of the winding-sheet, running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastic race, the hypochondriac was brought home by Dr. Stevenson, freed from all his *complaints;* and by strengthening food, generous

wine, cheerful company, and mode
soon restored to perfect health.

March of Intellect

A beggar some time ago applie
door of a partisan of the Anti-beg
ter in vain detailing his manifold s
orable gentleman peremptorily dis
away," said he, "go, we canna g
"You might at least," replied the
an air of arch dignity, "have re
matically."

Scarcity of Asses.

The Reverend Mr. Thom of Gc
from Paisley, on a particular oc
with two gentlemen, heritors of hi
lately been made justices of the p
ing him well mounted, as usual,
to pass a joke on him, and acco
"Well, Mr. Thom, you are very r
ter; for he was content to ride o
ass," says Mr. Thom, "there's no
gotten now-a-days." "Ay, how's
"Because," replied Mr. Thom, "
them a' *justices of the peace!*"

Fighting Quaker.

In the American war, a New-
chased by a small French privat
four guns, with plenty of small arr
to stand a brush with the enemy
taken prisoners. Among several
was an athletic Quaker, who, thou

every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contra to his religious tenets, kept walking backwards a forwards on the deck, without any apparent fe the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. length, the vessels having approached close to ea other, a disposition to board was manifested by t French, which was very soon put in execution; a the Quaker, being on the look-out, unexpected sprang towards the first man that jumped on boa and grappling him forcibly by the collar, coolly sa "Friend, thou hast no business here," at the sar time hoisting him over the ship's side.

Timber to Timber.

At the placing of Mr. F–rl–ng, minister of t Chapel of Ease, Glasgow, of whose abilities M Thom entertained no great opinion, when they ca to that part of the ceremony where the hands a imposed, the other members of the presbytery we making room for Mr. Thom, that he might get fi ward his hand on the head of Mr. F–rl–ng lik wise; but Mr. Thom, keeping at a distance, sa "Na, na, timmer to timmer will do weel enough laying his staff on the head of the new divine.

Schoolboy's Questions.

Three boys at school, learning their catechis the one asked the other how far he had got? which he answered, "I'm at a state o' sin and m ery." He then asked another what length he wa to which he replied, "I'm just at effectual calling They were both anxious, of course, to learn hc far he was himself, and having asked him, he r swered, "Past redemption."



Columbus.

When Columbus, after having discovered Western hemisphere, was, by order of the Ki Spain, brought home from America in chains captain of the ship, who was intimately acqua with his character, his knowledge, and his ta offered to free him from his chains, and mak passage as agreeable as possible. Columbus rej his friendly offer, saying, "Sir, I thank you these chains are the rewards and honours fr services, from my king, whom I have serv faithfully as my God; and as such I will them with me to the grave."

Take away the Fowls.

A certain reverend gentleman of the city of burgh, dining with a friend, the lady of the h desired the servant to take away the dish con ing the *fowls*, which she pronounced *fools* (sometimes done in Scotland). "I presume, ma you mean *fowls*," said Mr. R———, very p ously. "Very well, be it so," said the lady; ' away the *fowls*, but let the *fool* remain!"

Making a Scotchman.

In the year 1797, when democratic notions high, it may be remembered that the king's c was attacked as his majesty was going to the H of Peers. A gigantic Hibernian, on that occa was conspicuously loyal in repelling the mob. after, to his no small surprise, he received a mes from Mr. Dundas to attend at his office. He w and met with a gracious reception from the

man, who, after prefacing a few encomiums on his active loyalty, desired him to point out any way in which he would wish to be advanced, his majesty having particularly noticed his courageous conduct, and being desirous to reward it. Pat scratched and scraped for a while, half thunderstruck; "The devil take me if I know what I'm fit for." "Nay, my good fellow," cried Harry, "think a moment, and dinna throw yoursel out o' the way o' fortun." Pat hesitated a moment, smirking as if some odd idea had strayed into his noddle, "I'll tell you what, mister, make a *Scotchman* of me, and by St. Patrick there'll be no fear of my getting on." The minister gazed awhile at the mal-apropos wit; "Make a *Scotchman* of you, sir! that's impossible, for I can't give you *prudence*."

A Poor Mouthful.

At the examination of candidates for the place of schoolmaster in a Scotch parish, one man was desired to read and translate Horace's ode, beginning,

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

He began thus:—"*Exegi monumentum*, I have eaten up a mountain." "Stop," cried one of the examinators, "it will be needless for you to say ony mair; after eating sic a dinner, this parish wad be a puir mouthfu' t'ye. You maun try some wider sphere."

Preaching and Prophesying.

A country clergyman, who, on Sundays, is more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, *called* unceremoniously at a cottage, while its



sessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged (a daily exercise) in perusing a paragraph of the writings of an inspired Prophet. "Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "What's this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astounded divine, "I doubt you are only reading a prophecy." "Weel," argued the religious rustic, "giff reading a preachin' be preachin', is na reading a prophecy prophesying?"

Church Candidates.

At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call, two candidates offered to preach, of the names of Adam and Low. The last preached in the morning, and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the evening Mr. Adam preached, and took for his text, "Lo, here am I!" The impromptu and his sermon gained him the church.

Pleasant Prospect.

An elderly lady, intending to purchase the upper flat of a house in Prince's Street, opposite the West Church burying ground, from which the chain of Pentland Hills forms a beautiful back-ground, after being made acquainted with all its conveniences, and the beauty of its situation, elegantly enumerated by the builder, he requested her to cast her eye on the romantic hills at a distance, on the other side of the church yard. The lady admitted, that "she had certainly a most pleasant prospect *beyond the grave*."

Patriotic Integrity.

During the American Revolution, while General Reed was President of Congress, the British Commissioners offered him a bribe of 10,000 guineas, to desert the cause of his country. His reply was, "*Gentlemen, I am poor, very poor; but your king is not rich enough to buy me.*"

Free Trade to the Lawyers.

A man from the country applied lately to a respectable solicitor in this town for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred. "Ou ay, sir," rejoined the applicant, "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the *lees* till 't yoursel."

No Sinecure.

Colonel M———, of the Perthshire cavalry, was complaining, that, from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. "I am," said he, "my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet,"—"and *trumpeter*, I presume," said a lady present.

Allan Ramsay.

Allan Ramsay, the Scotch poet, walking on the Castle hill one day, was accosted by a *pretended* poor maimed sailor, who begged his charity. The poet asked him by what authority he went a begging? "I have a *license* for it," answered the sailor. "*License!*" cried Allan, "*Lice* you may have, but *sense* you have none, to beg of a poet."

Peter Pindar.

The following little anecdote has been left in Wolcot's own handwriting:

"When the Duke of Kent was last in Ame he took a stroll into the country, and enteri neat little cottage, saw a pretty girl with a boo her hand. 'What books do you read, my de asked his royal highness. The girl, with the artless innocence, replied, 'Sir, the Bible, and I Pindar!'"

Face of Brass.

The house of Mr. Dundas, late Lord Pres of the Court of Session in Scotland, and the brother of Mr. Secretary Dundas, having, afte death, been converted into a smith's shop, a ge man wrote upon its door the following *impromp*

"This house a *lawyer* once enjoy'd,
A *smith* does now possess;
How naturally the *iron age*
Succeeds the *age of brass!*"

Antiquity of the Campbells.

An old woman of the name of Gordon, in North of Scotland, was listening to the acc given in Scripture of Solomon's glory, which read to her by a little female grandchild. W the girl came to tell about the *thousand ca* which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's stock, "Eh, lassie," cried the old woman, "a sand Campbells, say ye? The Campbells *nounced cammils*) are an auld clan, sure enuch *look an ye dinna* see the Gordons too."

Tak' tent.

The Scotch phrase for *take heed*, is *tak' tent.* This being once used by a Scotch physician to an English lady, who was his patient, occasioned a mistake which had nearly proved fatal. The physician always repeated to her, "Aboon a' things, madam, *tak' tent.*" Unfortunately the lady understood him that she was to drink *tent wine* regularly after her meals; and she suffered very materially from following his supposed prescription.

Tax on Bachelors.

A lady having remarked in company that she thought there should be a tax on the single state; "Yes, madam," rejoined Colonel ——, of ——— (in Berwickshire), who was present, and who was a most notable specimen of the uncompromising old bachelor; "as on all other luxuries."

Anecdote of the Shorter Catechism.

A Scotch clergyman was one day catechising his flock in the church. The bedral, or church-officer, being somewhat ill-read in the Catechism, thought it best to keep a modest place near the door, in the hope of escaping the inquisition. But the clergyman observed, and called him forward. "John," said he, "what is baptism?" "Ou, sir," answered John, scratching his head, "ye ken, it's just saxpence to me, and fifteen-pence to the precentor."

Taken by Surprise.

At the time when Mr. Peale was exhibiting his *beautiful* picture of the Court of Death in Boston,

he sent the late Rev. Dr. Osgood a ticket, on which was inscribed, "Admit the bearer to the Court of Death;" the old gentleman never having heard of the picture, was utterly confounded—"I expected to go before long," said he,—"but I was not prepared for so *abrupt* a summons."

The Author of Waverley.

Mrs. Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the traditionary stories and anecdotes wrought up in his admirable fictions, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he, as usual, stoutly denied. "What," exclaimed the old lady, "d'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folk's kail?"

Reasons for the Scotch being Great Smugglers.

An Englishman once expressed great surprise, in a company of literati at Edinburgh, that the Scotch should be so much addicted to smuggling, seeing that they are a remarkably sober and moral people. He thought it must be much against their conscience. "Oh, not at all, sir," said Mr. R——d, a noted punster, who was present; "What is conscience but a '*small still* voice.'" "Farther," added Professor W———, "it is the *worm* that never dies."

Vixerat Christo.

In the epitaph of the Rev. James Sword, an Episcopalian minister at St. Andrews, who died in 1657, and whose monument is still to be seen in the *burial-ground* which surrounds the ruins of the *cathedral, the* phrase occurs, "Vixerat Christo," he

lived in Christ. It so happens, that, according to an old fashion, there is a dot or full stop betwixt every word in the epitaph; which has given occasion to a strange piece of waggery, on the part, it is said, of a Presbyterian, who regarded Sword and his religion with equal abhorrence. By inserting a dot between the first and second syllables of the word "vixerat," this person has caused the passage to be read thus,—"Vix. erat. Christo," *he scarcely was in Christ!*

How to Pay for a Farm.

A man in the town of D——, some twenty years ago, went to a merchant in Portsmouth, N. H. who was also president of a bank, and stated that he lived on a farm, the home of his fathers, which had descended to him by right of inheritance: that this, his only property, worth two thousand dollars, was mortgaged for one thousand, to a merciless creditor, and that the time of redemption would be out in a week. He closed by asking for a loan to the amount of his debt, for which he offered to re-mortgage his farm.

Mer. I have no money to spare; and if I could relieve you now, a similar difficulty would probably arise in a year or two.

Far. No, I would make every exertion: I think I could clear it.

Mer. Well, if you will obey my directions, I can put you in a way to get the money; but it will require the greatest prudence and resolution. If you can get a good indorser on a note, you shall have money from the bank, and you can mortgage your farm to the indorser, for his security. You must pay in one hundred dollars every sixty days. Can *you do it?*

Far. I can get Mr. —— for indorser, and I can raise the hundred dollars for every payment but the first.

Mer. Then borrow a hundred dollars more than you want, and let it lie in the bank: you will lose only one dollar interest. But mind—in order to get along, you must spend nothing — buy nothing: make a box to hold all the money you get, as a sacred deposit.

He departed. The note was discounted and the payment punctually made. In something more than two years he came again into the store of the merchant, and exclaimed, "*I am a free man*—I don't owe any man ten dollars—but look at me." He was embrowned with labour, and his clothes, from head to foot, were a tissue of darns and patches. "My wife looks worse than I do." "So you have cleared your farm," said the merchant.—"Yes," answered he, "and now *I know how to get another.*"

Thus, good advice, well improved, rescued a family from poverty, and put them in possession of a competency which we believe they yet live to enjoy. Thus may any one retrieve a falling fortune, if he will. And by using the same amount of self-denial, and making as great exertions in the way to heaven, we may secure an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away."

Toast of a Scotch Pier.

Lord K——, dining at Provost S——'s, and being the only Peer present, one of the company gave a toast, "The Duke of Buccleuch." So the peerage *went round till* it came to Lord K——, who said he *would give* them a peer, which, although not toast-

ed, was of more use than the whole. His Lordship gave "The Pier of Leith."

Spinning a Text.

A clergyman in Banffshire, more celebrated for his eloquence than his prudence, being solicited to officiate one Sabbath day for a brother of the same profession, who was indisposed, was so obliging as to comply with the request. When the exercises of the day were ended, he thought proper to indulge in a hearty refreshment, in order to renovate his exhausted spirits. Going home at night, he met a gentleman of his acquaintance, who inquired how he was, and where he had been? To which he answered, "He had been *spinning* out a text." "Yes," says the gentleman, "and you are now *reeling* it home."

At my Wit's End.

A gentleman in the west of Scotland, celebrated for his wit, was conversing with a lady; who, at last, quite overpowered by the brilliance and frequency of his *bon mots*, exclaimed, "Stop, sir; there is really no end to your wit."—"God forbid, madam," replied the humourist, "that I should ever be at my wit's end."

Hang Together if you would not Hang Separately!

Richard Penn, one of the proprietors, and of all the governors of Pennsylvania, under the old régime, probably the most deservedly popular,—in the commencement of the revolution, (his brother John being at that time governor) was on the most familiar and intimate terms with a number of the

most decided and influential whigs; and, on a certain occasion, being in company with several of them, a member of Congress observed, that such was the crisis, "they must all *hang together*." "If you do not, gentlemen," said Mr. Penn, "I can tell you, that you will be very apt to *hang separately*."

A good Customer.

When the son of a certain London banker had eloped to Scotland with a great heiress, whom he married, still retaining a paternal taste for parsimony, he objected to the demand of two guineas made by the priest at Gretna Green, stating, that Captain —— had reported the canonical charge to be only five shillings! "True," replied Vulcan, "but Captain —— is an Irishman, and I have married him five times; so I consider him as a good customer; but, perhaps, I may never see your face again."

Strange Prayer.

A Presbyterian minister, in the reign of King William III., performing public worship in the Tron Church at Edinburgh, used this remarkable expression in his prayer:—"Lord have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the town council of Edinburgh."

Exported and Transported defined.

A gentleman recently married, was enjoying, with his fair one, an evening walk along the beach at Musselburgh. "Pray, my dear," said the lady, "what is the difference between *exported* and *transported*?" At that moment a vessel left the harbour, bound for a foreign port. "Were you, my

love," returned the gentleman, "aboard that vessel, you would be *exported* and I would be *transported*."

A Word to Snuff-Takers.

A lady asked her physician whether snuff was injurious to the brain? "No," said he, "for nobody who has any *brains* ever takes snuff."

G. F. Cooke.

Shortly after Cooke arrived in America, he was one evening in company with a number of actors whom he bored outrageously. "Mr. H*****," said he, "what do you know of the stage?—you are no actor, although the applause you receive from the Yankees makes you think yourself one." From the wo-begone appearance of the young Thespian, the tragedian thought he had proceeded too far, and endeavouring to heal the wound he had inflicted, rose with tears in his eyes, observing, "What I said was in jest—I hold your professional talents in high estimation, and now freely make the acknowledgment."—H. burst out in a loud laugh, exclaiming, "You old quiz, will you again say that I am no actor?"

Dr. Hugh Blair.

Dr. Blair used to tell the following anecdote of his precentor, with a great deal of glee. Happening to preach one day at a distance from town, he next day met that official, as he was returning to his house in town. "Well," said the doctor, "how did matters proceed yesterday at church in my absence?" "'Deed," said the man of song, who was a very vain fellow, but withal a good deal of a hu-



mourist, "I darsay, no very weel: I wasna there, doctor, ony mair than yoursel."

Living without Brains.

As the late Professor H—— was walking near Edinburgh, he met one of those beings usually called fools. "Pray," says the professor, accosting him, "how long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied the fellow, scratching his head; "how long have you lived yoursel, sir?"

Dry in Church.

The Rev. Doctors H—— and M—— were colleagues in the Old Church of Edinburgh. One Sunday, when it was Dr. M——'s turn to preach, he had got himself very much wetted by a heavy rain, and was standing before the session-room fire, drying his clothes, when Dr. H—— came in, whom he requested would that day take his place, as he had escaped the shower. "Oh, by no means," replied the doctor; "gang up to the poopit, ye'll be *dry eneuch there.*"

Origin of "Uncle Sam."

Much learning and research have been exercised n tracing the origin of odd names, and odd sayings, which, taking their rise in some trifling occurrence or event, easily explained or well understood for a time, yet, in the course of years, becoming involved in mystery, assume an importance equal at least to the skill and ingenuity required to explain or trace them to their origin. "The Swan with two necks"—"The Bull and Mouth"—"All my eye, Betty Martin," and many others, are of this character—

and who knows but, an hundred years hence, some "learned commentator" may puzzle his brain to furnish some ingenious explanation of the origin of the national appellation placed at the head of this article. To aid him, therefore, in this research, I will state the facts as they occurred under my own eye.

Immediately after the declaration of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New-York, then a Contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, &c. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as "*Uncle Sam*") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in over hauling the provisions purchased by the Contractor for the army. The casks were marked E. A.—U. S. This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark, (for the letters U. S., for United States, were almost then entirely new to them,) said "he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam*"—alluding exclusively, then, to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "Uncle Sam" himself being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen being of a character denominated "food for powder," were found shortly after following the recruiting drum, and pushing toward the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy, and of eating the provisions they had lately laboured to put in good order. Their

old jokes of course accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print—it gained favour rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of our country, and will, no doubt, continue so while the United States remain a nation. It originated precisely as above stated; and the writer of this article distinctly recollects remarking, at a time when it first appeared in print, to a person who was equally aware of its origin, how odd it would be should this silly joke, originating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, mud, salt and hoop-poles, eventually become a national cognomen.

Lord Monboddo.

When one of Lord Monboddo's friends proposed to solicit for him the office of a judge in the Scotch Criminal Court, his lordship said,—"No; I have more pleasure in looking after my little farm, in the vacation of the Court of Session, than I should have in running about the country hanging people."

Parochial Visitations.

It was once a prevalent custom with the Scotch clergy, to call their parishioners together, and catechise them on the Christian doctrines. On such an occasion, the late Rev. Mr. J——, minister of Coldingham in Berwickshire, asked a simple country wife, who resided at the farm of Coldingham Law, (there always styled "The Law," for brevity's sake,) "How many tables, Janet, are there in the law?" "Indeed, sir, I canna just be certain," answered Janet, "but I think there's ane in the fore-room, and ane in the back-room, and another up stairs!"

A Scotch clergyman, who owed his situation rather to a titled patron than to his abilities, in visiting his parishioners, for the purpose of catechising them, asked one old stern Presbyterian, "Who made Paul a preacher?" "It wasna the Duke of Queensberry," replied the old man, with a grim smile.

Learned Divine.

The equivocality of many of the names of places in Scotland, has given occasion to a very amusing saying regarding a clergyman. "He was born in the parish of *Dull*, brought up at the school of *Dunse* (*quasi* Dunce), and finally settled minister in the parish of *Drone*!"

Life Insurance.

Some years ago, when the famous Dr. Leib was figuring in political life, prejudices were strong, and party feeling ran high—application was made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania to incorporate a "Life Insurance Company" for the term of fifty years. A zealous member rose and addressed Mr. Speaker with, "Sir, I don't like this bill, and I shan't vote for it. The petitioners have asked to be incorporated to insure lives for fifty years, and what will be the consequence of granting their prayer? why, the first thing you'll know, that Dr. Leib will get his life insured for the whole time, and we shall have him tormenting us for half a century to come."

A Good Reason.

In a manse in Fife, the conversation of a large party one evening turned on a volume of sermons,



hich had just been published with considerable uccess, and was supposed to have brought a round um into the hands of the author. When the min-ster's wife heard of what had been made by the olume, her imagination was excited, and, turning o her husband, who sat a little aside, she said, "My ear, I see naething to hinder you to print a few of our sermons, too." "They were a' printed lang yne," said the candid minister in his wife's ear.

Light as Possible.

A lady going into a tea shop in Leith, and buy-ng a pound of tea, the merchant said he would end it home. "Oh, no," said she; "it is not in-onvenient, as it is light." "Why," said he, "it is s light as I could possibly make it."

Rustic Ignorance.

When Dr. Johnson was travelling in the High-nds of Scotland, he came up to a peasant who was mployed in paring turf to cover his hut—in other words, *casting divots*. "Pray, sir," cried the lexi-ographer, "can you point out the way to the most ontiguous village, for we are dreadfully fatigued, aving deviated from our road these two hours?" You tired wi' *divoting* two hours!" replied the ustic, scornfully; "I have been divoting since four 'clock this morning, and must do so as lang as I an see, tired or not."

A Profitable Blunder.

When Isaiah Thomas, printer of the Farmer's Almanack, was called upon by a printer's devil to now what he should put against the 13th July, Mr

T. replied, "Anything," upon which the boy set, "Rain, hail and snow," at which the country was amazed, but it so happened that it actually rained, hailed and snowed on that day, and proved a profitable storm to the proprietor of the Almanack for the future numbers.

Bon-Mots of the Honourable Henry Erskine.

This celebrated wit, of whom it might be said, more truly, perhaps, than of any other man that ever breathed, that

> "——— he could not ope
> His mouth, but out there flew a trope,"

was one day at a large dinner party, where Miss Henrietta ——— was also present. This lady had been the most admired beauty of her day in Edinburgh; but, at the time in question, was a little past the meridian of life. It must also be premised of her, that her name was usually abbreviated into *Hennie*. "Mr. Erskine," said the lady, as the wine was beginning to circulate, "they say that ye're a great man for making puns: could ye mak a pun, d'ye think, on me?" "Od, Hennie," the wit instantly replied; "you might be making puns yourself now; I'm sure, *Hennie* though ye be, ye're *nae chicken*."

Being one day in London, in company with the Duchess of Gordon, he asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honour and pleasure of your Grace's society at Edinburgh?" "Oh!" said she, "Edinburgh is a vile, dull place; I hate it." "Madam," replied the gallant barrister, "the Sun might as well say, There's a vile, dark morning, I won't rise to-day."

Being told that *Knox*, who had long derived his livelihood by keeping the door of the Parliament House, had been killed by a shot from a small *cannon*, on the king's birth-day, he observed, that "it was remarkable a man should *live* by the *civil*, and *die* by the *cannon law*."

Mr. Erskine placed two of his sons at the academy of Mr. Laing, teacher in Edinburgh, whose school-house is lighted from the roof. At one of the public examinations, Mr. Erskine was present, who, observing some drops of rain falling on the floor, in consequence of a broken pane in the window, said, "Mr. Laing, I perceive you spare no *panes* upon your scholars."

A gentleman observed one day to Mr. Erskine that punning is the lowest sort of wit. "It is so," answered he; "and therefore the foundation of all wit."

The same gentleman having one day entered the Parliament House, found it full of smoke: on which he remarked, "Gentlemen, what shall be done?—It's all over with us if they *smoke* us."

Mr. Erskine of Alva, afterwards a senator of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Bargaig, was a man of very diminutive stature. Being retained as counsel in a case where the Honourable Henry Erskine appeared on the opposite side, he was obliged, on account of the press of the crowd, to have a chair brought forward, on which he might raise himself, when addressing the bench. "This," the wit remarked, "was one way of rising at the *Bar*."

William Penn.

William Penn and Thomas Story sheltered themselves from a shower of rain in a tobacco house, the owner of which said, "You enter without leave—do you know who I am? I am justice of the peace." To which Story replied,—"My friend here makes such things as thee—he is Governor of Pennsylvania."

Pleasing the Young Laird.

A man being tried for his life in the court of a Highland chieftain, before the abolition of those petty jurisdictions, the jury for a long time hesitated to give a verdict, and displayed an inclination to acquit the panel. Just as they were about to decide, somebody whispered, "The Young Laird (that is, the eldest son of the chieftain) has never seen an execution." Upon which a verdict of guilty was given, purely to gratify the young gentleman with a spectacle.

Hanging to please the Laird.

During the reign of the feudal system amongst the Highlanders, the Laird of Grant had condemned one of his vassals to be hanged. When Donald came to the gallows, accompanied by Janet his faithful wife, he seemed very reluctant to mount the ladder, and stood a long time below the fatal tree, shrugging his shoulders. "Hoot awa, Donald," said Janet, clapping her dear spouse's cheek, "gang up like a man, and please the laird." Donald could not resist such a powerful motive to obedience, but gallantly sprung to meet the reward of his loyalty.

A Toast.

At a dinner party one day, Sir John H—— whose character was considered to be not altoge unexceptionable, said he would give them a t and, looking hard in the face of Mrs. M—— who was more celebrated for wit than beauty, —"Honest men an' bonny lasses!" "With all heart, Sir John," said Mrs. M——, "for it ne applies to you nor me."

Two Lawyers' Mistake.

When the regulations of West Boston Br were drawn up by two famous lawyers—one tion was written, accepted, and now stands t "And the said proprietors shall meet annuall the first Tuesday of June, provided the same not fall on Sunday."

Misspelling of Sign Posts.

Some one remarked that whenever the signs shop doors were misspelt, it was almost invari by there being too many letters, and very seldo there being too few. [Observation will show th be a fact.] "Oh," said another of the comp "the painters do that to show that they belong *liberal* profession."

David Hume.

This distinguished philosopher was one day ing along a narrow foot-path which formerly wi through a boggy piece of ground at the bac Edinburgh Castle, when he had the misfortu *tumble in*, and stick fast in the mud. Observi

woman approaching, he civilly requested her to lend him a helping hand out of his disagreeable situation; but she, casting one hurried glance at his abbreviated figure, passed on, without regarding his request. He then shouted lustily after her; and she was at last prevailed upon by his cries to approach. "Are na ye Hume the Deist?" inquired she, in a tone which implied that an answer in the affirmative would decide her against lending him her assistance. "Well, well," said Mr. Hume, "no matter: you know, good woman, Christian charity commands you to do good, even to your enemies." "Christian charity here, Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll do naething for ye till ye turn a Christian yoursell: ye maun first repeat baith the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye groffle there as I faund ye." The sceptic was actually obliged to accede to the woman's terms, ere she would give him her help. He himself used to tell the story with great relish.

Irishman's Answer.

An Irishman inquired at the Boston Post-Office, if there were any letters for him—"Your name, sir?" said the clerk. "That you will find upon the letters," replied Pat.

Absence of Mind.

Mr. Imlach, late minister of the Muirhouse, near Dundee, was remarkable for his absence of mind. In his prayer one day he said, "O, Lord! bless all ranks and degrees of persons, from the king on the dunghill to the beggar on the throne." Then recollecting himself, he added, "I mean from the beggar on the throne to the king on the dunghill!"



"Pray, sir," said Lady Wallace to David Hume, "I am often asked of what age I am—what answer should I make?" Mr. Hume immediately guessing her ladyship's meaning, said, "Madam, when you are asked that question again, answer, that you are not yet come to years of discretion."

David Hume and Lady Wallace once passed the Firth from Kinghorn to Leith together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive of a salt-water death; and her ladyship's terrors induced her to seek consolation from her friend, who with infinite *sang froid*, assured her he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for fishes. "And pray, my dear friend," said Lady Wallace, "which do you think they will eat first?" "Those that are gluttons," replied Hume, "will undoubtedly fall foul of me, but the epicures will attack your ladyship."

Curious Typographical Anecdote.

It is well known to literary people, that, in preparing works for the press, it is usual for the printer, after the proof-sheets have been seen by the author, to go over them again, and clear them of what are called typographical errors, such as wrong spellings, inaccuracies of punctuation, and similar imperfections. In performing this office for a celebrated northern critic and editor, a printer, now dead, was in the habit of introducing a much greater number of commas than it appeared to the author the sense required. The case was provoking, but did not produce a formal remonstrance, until Mr. W——n himself accidentally afforded the learned editor an opportunity of signifying his dissatisfac-

tion with the plethora of punctuation under which his compositions were made to labour. The worthy printer coming to a passage one day which he did not understand, very naturally took it into his head that it was unintelligible, and transmitted it to his employer, with a remark on the margin, that "there appeared some obscurity in it." The sheet was immediately returned, with this reply, which we give *verbatim*. "Mr. J. sees no obscurity here, except such as arises from the villanous quantity of commas, which Mr. W——n seems to keep in a pepper-box beside him, for the purpose of dusting all his proofs with."

Mots of Sir Walter Scott.

An English lady and gentleman, who, in travelling through Scotland, had come to the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, without providing themselves with an introduction to Sir Walter Scott, and who felt, when there, an irresistible inclination to intrude upon him, could think of no expedient by which to gratify their curiosity but that of throwing themselves upon his mercy, and begging the favour of an interview. In their card to him, they said that, in coming to Scotland, their chief object had been to see "the great Lion of the North, Sir Walter Scott;" and they begged him to consider how hard it would be if, after all their travels, they should have to go home disappointed. Sir Walter immediately returned an answer, couched in the most polite terms, and concluding with a request that they would come that day to dine with him, "as he had some reason to believe the Lion of the North, like his friends at Exeter Change, was *best worth seeing at feeding time.*"



Good Book-keepers.

Sir Walter, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet in apology; "for though many of my friends are bad *arithmeticians*, I observe almost all of them to be good *book-keepers*."

Testaments.

A countryman going into the probate office where the wills are kept in huge volumes on the shelves, asked if they were all *bibles!* "No, Sir," replied one of the clerks, "they are testaments."

Dr. Johnson's Pudding.

Last summer I made another excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and, perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton-chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down, and partake of a bowl of whiskey punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen:—

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; *and these* hard-bottomed chairs, in which we are



now sitting, were, years ago, filled by the great tourists, Doctor Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the look of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. 'Now,' says he, 'make the best of all puddings.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony. 'My dear sir,' said Boswell, out of breath with joy, 'good news! I have just bespoken, at a comfortable, clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal. Johnson looked pleased—'And I hope,' said he, 'you have bespoken a pudding.' 'Sir, you will have your favourite pudding,' replied the other. Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for this delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire: he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat; upon which he determined to eat no mutton that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, 'My dear doctor, here



comes the mutton; what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!' The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said, 'I suppose, sir, I am to carve as usual;—what part shall I help you to?' The doctor replied, 'My dear Bozzy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.' 'Oh dear! this is a great disappointment,' said Bozzy. 'Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.' Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. 'How the gravy runs! what fine flavoured fat!—so nice and brown, too! Oh, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.' The meat being removed, in came the long wished-for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly *finished all the pudding*. The table was cleared, and Boswell said, 'Doctor, while I was eating the mutton, you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray, tell me, what tickled your fancy?' The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried: the doctor laughed. 'You little, filthy, snivelling hound,' said Boswell, 'when you *basted the meat*, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?' 'I couldn't, sir,' said the boy. 'No! why couldn't you?' said Boswell. 'Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!' The doctor gathered up his Herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared or squinted —*indeed, looked* any way but the *right way*. At

last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest), and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor, 'Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing; and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living, while you breathe."—"And so, sir," said mine host, "you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant."

Stuttering Letter.

A certain old woman took from the post-office in the town of G——, a letter. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near, to read the letter to her. He accordingly began and read:

"*Charleston, June 23d*, 1821.

"Dear mother,"—then making a stop to find out what followed (as the writing was rather bad), the old lady exclaimed, "O 'tis from poor Jerry; *he always stuttered.*"

Living in an Oven.

A gentleman having occasion to call for Mr. Joseph Gullan, found him at home in his writing chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, "It was hot as an oven." "So it ought," replied Mr. G. "for 'tis here I *make my bread.*"



Metaphysics.

A Scotch blacksmith being asked the meaning of metaphysics, explained it as follows:—"When the party who listens disna ken what the party who speaks means; and when the party who speaks disna ken what he means himsell—that is metaphysics."

Hanging Together.

A Scotch clergyman, in the great rebellion, said in his prayer, "Lord bless the grand Council the Parliament, and grant they may all hang together!" A country fellow, standing by, said, "Amen, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure, 'tis the prayer of all good people!" "Friends," says Mess John, "I don't mean as that fellow means; but pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord!" "No matter what cord," answered the rustic, "so 'tis but a strong cord."

A Good Excuse.

The Judges of the Court of Session, in case of their being unable to attend, always send an excuse to the Lord President. On one occasion, when Lord Stonefield sent an apologetic note, Lord Braxfield asked the President, in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fellow like him hae?" "My Lord," answered the President, "he has lost his wife." "Lost his wife!" exclaimed Braxfield, whose connubial lot was not the most happy; "that *is a good excuse* truly; I wish we had a' the same!"

Anecdote of Sibbald, Editor of Chronicles of Scottish Poetry.

Mr. James Sibbald, editor of the Chronicles of Scottish Poetry, was a man of eccentricity and humour. For three or four years he resided in London, without ever letting his Scotch friends know any thing of his proceedings, or even where he lived. At last his brother, a Leith merchant, found means to get a letter conveyed to him, the object of which was to inquire into his circumstances, and to ask where he resided. Sibbald sent the following laconic reply:—

"Dear brother,

"I live in So-ho, and my business is so-so.

"Yours,

"JAMES SIBBALD."

The Advantage.

Two gentlemen, Mr. D. and Mr. L., stood candidates for a seat in the legislature of New York—They were violently opposed to each other. By some artifice Mr. D. gained the election. When he was returning home much elated with success, he met a gentleman, an acquaintance of his——"Well," says D. "I have got the election—L. was no match for me—I'll tell you how I flung him—if there happened any Dutch voters, I could talk Dutch with them, *and there I had the advantage of him.* If there were any Frenchmen, I could talk French with them, *and there I had the advantage of him.* But as to L. he was a clever, honest, sensible little fellow."—"Yes, sir," replies the gentleman, "*and there he had the advantage of you.*"

A Dovetailer of Sermons.

The Rev. Dr. B—— was what is commonly term
ed "a popular preacher;" not, however, by drawing
on his own stores, but by the knack which he pos-
sessed of appropriating the thoughts and language
of other great divines who had gone before him, to
his own use, and by a skilful splicing and dovetailing
of passages, so as to make a whole. Fortunately for
him, those who composed his audience were not
deeply skilled in pulpit lore, and with such he pass-
ed for a wonder of erudition. It happened, how-
ever, that the doctor was detected in his literary lar-
cenies. One Sunday, a grave old gentleman seated
himself close to the pulpit, and listened with pro-
found attention. The doctor had scarcely finished
his third sentence, before the old gentleman said,
loud enough to be heard by those near him, "That's
Sherlock." The doctor frowned, but went on. He
had not proceeded much farther, when his grave
auditor broke out with, "That's Tillotson." The
doctor hit his lips, and paused, but again went on.
At a third exclamation of, "That's Blair," the doctor
lost all patience, and, leaning over the side of the
pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your
tongue, you shall be turned out." Without altering
a muscle, the old cynic, looking the doctor full in
the face, says, "That's his own."

Calculation.

At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effe
in Roxburghshire, which Sir Walter Scott happe
to attend, there was one little article, a Romar
tera, which occasioned a good deal of competi
and was eventually knocked down to the d

guished baronet at a high price. Sir Walter was excessively amused, during the time of the bidding, to observe how much it excited the astonishment of an old woman, who had evidently come there to buy culinary utensils on a more economical principle. "If the parritch-pan," she at length burst out, "if the *parritch-pan* gangs at that, what will the *kail-pat* gang for!"

Where you ought to have been.

A clergyman who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at an inn, where he observed a horse-jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse, for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed—"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way." "Well, (replied the parson) if you had been where you ought to have been, last Sunday, you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

As Deep in the Mud as I was in the Mire.

A country gentleman, who had been out with Montrose, retiring to his own parish after the war was done, was taken through hands by the Presbyterian clergyman of the place, and ordained to sit for a certain time on the cutty-stool, as a penance for his dreadful offence. "Ye should set my mare

ried the intractable cavalier to the
delivered the sentence; "I'll be
asna as deep i' the mud as I was i'

Old Acquaintance.

ges, in one of his circuits, as a Lord of
Scotland, having crossed the Ferry to
the boatman, to his lordship's surprise,
take any money for the service he had
im, in consequence of their being old ac-
es. On being desired to explain, the boat-
erved that his name was Tom Clark, and
and his wife Bett had both been tried for
ealing, and if it had not been for his lord-
aw, both Bett and himself had either been
l or transported. His lordship, smiling, bade
e more honest in future, as the consequence
t be fatal to him, should their acquaintance ever
enewed.

Nae Motive.

Every body is aware of the indolent characte
the author of "The Seasons;" of his being four
once in a garden, eating fruit off a tree with
hands in his pockets, &c. A friend one day ente
his room, and, finding him in bed, although the
was far spent, asked him in the name of wo
why he did not get up? "Man, I hae nae mo
replied the poet.

Judge Peters.

On his entrance into Philadelphia, Gen
fayette was accompanied in the barouch

venerable Judge Peters. The dust was somewhat troublesome, and from his advanced age, &c. the General felt and expressed some solicitude lest his companion should experience inconvenience from it. To which he replied: "General, do you not recollect that I am a *Judge*—I do not regard the dust, I am accustomed to it. The lawyers throw dust in my eyes almost every day in the court-house."

Robert Burns.

Burns was one day in a gentleman's library. The collection was very fine; but the owner happened to be a man not the most able in the world to appreciate the contents. After some conversation with Burns, he expressed himself as being particularly anxious about the bindings of his books: he liked to see books with a handsome exterior. Next morning the wicked poet was found to have left the following couplet on the library table:—

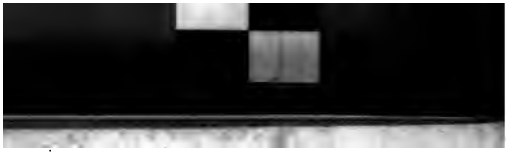
Free through these books, ye maggots, make your winding;
But, for the owner's sake, oh spare the binding!

Marquis of Montrose.

A descendant of the Marquis of Montrose being taunted by a Campbell for the long time his ancestor's head was stuck upon the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, "Montrose," said he, "was too good a soldier to quit his post till he was relieved," alluding to the Marquis of Argyle's head having been placed in its stead, after the restoration.

Scotch Judge.

A judge of the Court of Session, well known for speaking his mother tongue in its broadest accent,



as well on the bench as in common discourse, on a particular occasion was addressed by a barrister, equally noted for the elegance and purity of his style, as his lordship was the reverse, who opened the case of his client in the following words:—"My lord, the pursuer, my client, is an itinerant violin player." "What's that?" said his lordship; "is that what ye ca' a blin' fiddler?" "*Vulgarly so called*," said the lawyer.

The President's Guard.

An Englishman in Philadelphia, speaking of the Presidency of Washington, was expressing a wish to an American to behold him. While this conversation passed, "There he goes," replied the American, pointing to a tall, erect, dignified personage, passing on the other side of the street—"That General Washington!" exclaimed the Englishman—"where is his guard?" "Here," replied the American, striking his bosom with emphasis.

Who was Jesse?

An old schoolmaster, who usually heard his pupils once a-week through Watts's Scripture History, and afterwards asked them promiscuously such questions as suggested themselves to his mind, one day desired a young urchin to tell him who Jesse was? when the boy briskly replied, "The Flower of Dunblane, sir."

March of Intellect.

A gentleman visiting Mr. Wood's school in Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose *of examining* a class. The word *inheritance* occur-

ring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows:—"What is inheritance?" "Patrimony." "What is a patrimony?" "Something left by a father." "What would you call it if left by a mother?" "*Matrimony.*"

Kind Permission.

A candidate for the honour of representing four Fife Burghs in Parliament, calling upon an honest shoemaker for his vote and influence, took the liberty of kissing the gudewife, who was a middle-aged woman; and, in doing so, he took the farther liberty of slipping a couple of guineas out of his own mouth into that of the matron. Instead of being offended by such a breach of decorum, the lady slily said, as she pocketed the two shining pieces, "Gin ye like, sir, ye may *kiss my dochter too.*"

Love your Enemies.

A clergyman told an Indian he should love his enemies. "I do," said the latter, "for I love Rum and Cider."

Anecdote of Burns.

Burns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock, when a wealthy merchant, belonging to the town, had the misfortune to fall into the harbour. He was no swimmer; and his death would have been inevitable, had not a sailor, who happened to be passing at the time, immediately plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation. The Greenock merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and generously presented the sailor

with a shilling! The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamour, "For," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

Style of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson's style one night became the subject of conversation, in a company where Sir Walter Scott was present. Some individuals asserted, that it had been often imitated very successfully; indeed, so successfully, that the copy sounded quite as well as the original. "Ay, *sounded*," said Sir Walter; "but sound only: most of them have his report, but which of them carries his bullet?"

Henry Clay.

A few years since, shortly after the agitation of the famous compensation bill in Congress, Mr. Clay, who voted in favour of this bill, upon returning home to his constituents, found a formidable opposition arrayed against his re-election. After addressing the people from the hustings, previous to the opening of the poll, he stepped down into the crowd, where he met an old and influential friend of his, named Scott, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, and of course, in his younger days, a great huntsman. This gentleman, stepping up, addressed Mr. Clay as follows:—"Well, well, Harry, I've been with you in six troubles; I am sorry I must now desert you in the seventh; you have voted for that miserable compensation bill; I must now turn my *back upon you*." "Is it so, friend Scott? Is this *the only objection*?" "It is." "We must get over



it the best we can. You are an old huntsman?" "Yes." "You have killed many a fat bear and buck?" "Yes." "I believe you have a very good rifle?" "Yes, as good a one as ever cracked." "Well, did you ever have a fine buck before you, when your gun snapped?" "The like of that has happened." "Well, now, friend Scott, did you take that faithful rifle and break it all to pieces on the very next log you came to, or did you pick the flint and try it again?" The tear stood in the old man's eyes. The chord was touched. "No, Harry, I picked the flint, and tried her again; and I'll try you again; give us your hand." We need scarcely say that the welkin rung with the huzzaing plaudits of the bystanders. Clay was borne off to the hustings and re-elected.

How to Make a Doctor.

Before the honourable degree of M. D. is conferred, the candidate is commonly examined in Latin. At a recent ceremony of this kind in a University not a hundred miles from Edinburgh, the following question was asked:—"*Quid est creare?*" The young Æsculapius looked rather nonplussed, but at length answered, "*Creare est facere aliquid ex nihil.*" "*Ergo,*" was the reply, "*creamus te doctorem.*"

Comedy and Tragedy exchanged.

Foote once came to Edinburgh, with a complete company of comedians, but did not receive much encouragement. At length, after he had pined a month, a nobleman residing in town ordered a tragedy, and insisted on Foote and all his comedians performing in it, notwithstanding their being not at



all adapted for that branch of dramatic representation. The thing took well, on account of its absurdity, and the execrable acting; and, after a fortnight of crowded houses, Foote returned in good spirits, remarking, that if comedy had become tragedy with him in one respect, tragedy, or something very like it, had become comedy in another.

Duke of Argyll.

John, Duke of Argyll, having been with some ladies in the Opera-house in London, an English squire, puffing, blowing, and sweating, entered the box in which they were seated, with his hunting boots on, and whip in hand. The Duke instantly rose up, and making a low bow, exclaimed, "Sir, I am very much obliged to you." "Oh! why?—how?—for what?" "*For not bringing your horse here.*"

Unacceptable Gratitude.

Capt. —— (we spare his name) was walking one day in company with the Marquis of Anglesea, down Piccadilly, when he was accosted by a fellow, half soldier, half beggar, with a most reverential military salute. "God bless your honour! (said the man, whose accent betrayed him to be Irish,) and long life to you." "How do you know me?" said the captain. "Is it how do I know your honour?" responded Pat, "good right sure I have, to know the man who saved my life in battle. The captain, highly gratified at this tribute to his valour in such hearing, slid half a crown into his hand, and asked him when? "God bless your honour and long life *to you,*" said the grateful veteran, "sure it was at *New-Orleans*, when, seeing your honour run away

as hard as your legs could carry you from the Yankees, I followed your lead, and ran after you out of the way; whereby, under God, I saved my life. Oh! good luck to your honour, I never will forget it to you."

Amor Patriæ.

A gentleman from the highlands of Scotland, attended by his trusty servant Donald, a native of the wild and mountainous district of Lochaber in Inverness-shire, when travelling through the fertile and delightful plains of Italy, asked Donald what he would do if he possessed an estate there? Donald instantly replied, "Please your honour, I would sell him, and buy an estate in Lochaber!!"

Poor Man of Mutton.

A leg of mutton, in its last stage of scraggism, is sometimes (in Scotland) devilled, or otherwise prepared for the table, and then bears the familiar title of "a poor man of mutton," or more briefly, "a poor man." It is related by Dr. Jamieson, in his Dictionary, that a Scotch nobleman entering an inn at London, after a long journey, and being asked by the landlord what he would please to have, answered, with a yawn, "I dare say, I could take a bit of a poor man." "A bit of what?" inquired the landlord. "A bit of a poor man," repeated his Lordship. "The Lord have a care of my poor soul!" cried mine host, and made but one step from the top of the stair to the bottom; nor could he be prevailed upon, till the phrase was explained by the nobleman's valet, to make his appearance again in the parlour.



City Habits.

A gentleman from Boston, on a visit to his friend in the country, speaking of the times, observed that his wife had lately expended fifty dollars for a habit. His friend replied, "Here in the country we don't allow our wives to *get into such habits.*"

Mutatis Mutandis.

An elderly fat gentleman, in discussing a warm beef-steak at a Highland inn, called to the waiting boy, "Donald, bring me more bread, for I eat a great deal of bread to my steak." Donald answered, with much modest simplicity, "Ay, and please your honour, and ye eat a great deal of steak to your bread."

A Pun whistled.

A young Scotchman visiting London with his father, and being much given to punning, his father often reproved him for it, and expressed a wish that he would endeavour to leave it off entirely, and, if possible, display a little genuine wit. One day, taking a walk together, they passed Newgate, where a man was confined in the stocks, with his head firmly jammed in between two ponderous blocks of wood. An excellent pun, strictly in point, instantly occurred to the young man; but, his father being present, he durst not come out with it; so he contented himself with whistling the tune of "*Through the wood, Laddie.*"



Hugo Arnot.

Hugo Arnot one day, while panting with asthma, was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters below his window. "The extravagant rascal!" said Hugo, "he has wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month!"

Nothing Remarkable.

"*I rise, sir, for information,*" said a very grave member of a legislative body, who then made no great figure in the business in which he was engaged, but has since far outgrown in political importance both his own and his neighbours' expectations. "*I am very glad to hear it,*" said a bystander, "*for no man wants it more.*"

Anecdotes of Speaking out in Churches.

A most amusing instance of *speaking out* in church occurred some years ago, in the parish of ———. The minister, in preaching upon the story of Jonah, uttered a piece of declamatory rhetoric, to something like the following effect:—"And what sort of a fish was it, my brethren, that God had appointed thus to execute his holy will? Was it a shark, my brethren? No—it could not be a shark; for God could never have ventured the person of his beloved Prophet amongst the deadly teeth of that ravenous fish. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think ye? Ah, no; that were too narrow lodging. There's no ae salmon i' the deepest pule o' a' Tweed could swallow a man. Besides, ye ken, it's mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than for salmon to swallow men. What, then, was



it? Was it a sea-lion, or a sea-horse, or a sea-dog, or the great rhinoceros? Oh, no! These are not Scripter beasts ava. Ye're as far off't as ever. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can ye tell me?"—Here an old spectacled dame, who had an elecmosynary seat on the pulpit stair, thinking that the minister was in a real perplexity about the name of the fish, interrupted him with, "Hoot, sir, it was a whale, ye ken." "Out upon ye, you graceless wife that you are!" cried the orator, so enraged as almost to fly out of the pulpit at her; "thus to take the word out of the mouth of God's minister!"

Another amusing instance of a similar piece of indecorum occurred at Biggar. It must be well known to our readers, that the more ignorant and zealous congregations of the Scottish church, in common with those belonging to what is called the *Secession*, entertain a very strong prejudice against the use of written notes in the pulpit. The contempt with which clergymen are sometimes treated on this account, would astonish the liberal minds of their English neighbours. In one case, which has come within our knowledge, this contempt proceeded so far as to occasion a *speaking out*. The minister of Biggar, in Lanarkshire, whose abilities whatever they might be, were held in the utmost scorn on account of his *reading*, was one day concluding his discourse, as an old woman of the parish old leaven was leaving the church. He closed the leaves of his sermon, and those of the Bible at the same time, saying, with emphasis, intended as a sort of clencher to his argument, "I add no more." "*Because* ye canna!" cried the old woman.



Mrs. Richard Shubrick.

Here was, indeed, a heroine to be proud of. Her eyes sparkled with feeling and vivacity, while her countenance so plainly bespoke her kindness and benevolence, that sorrow and misfortune instinctively sought shelter under her protection. There was an appearance of personal debility about her, that rendered her peculiarly interesting; it seemed to solicit the interest of every heart, and the man would have felt himself degraded who would not have put his life at hazard to serve her. Yet, when firmness of character was requisite, when fortitude was called for to repel the encroachments of aggression, there was not a more intrepid being in existence. The following is a noble instance of it. An American soldier, flying from a party of the enemy, sought her protection, and was promised it. The British pressing close upon him, insisted that he should be delivered up, threatening immediate and universal destruction in case of refusal. The ladies, her friends and companions, who were in the house with her, shrunk from the contest, and were silent; but, undaunted by their threats, this intrepid lady placed herself before the chamber into which the unfortunate fugitive had been conducted, and resolutely said,—"To men of honour the chamber of a lady should be as sacred as the sanctuary! I will defend the passage to it though I perish. You may succeed, and enter it, but it shall be over my corpse." "Indeed," said the officer, "if muskets were only placed in the hands of a few such women, our only safety would be found in retreat. Your intrepidity, Madam, gives you security; from me you shall meet no further annoyance."



Nor is this the only instance of her unconquerable fortitude. At Brabant, the seat of the respectable and patriotic Bishop Smith, a Serjeant of Tarleton's Dragoons, eager for the acquisition of plunder, followed the overseer, a man advanced in years, into the apartment where the ladies of the family were assembled, and on his refusal to discover the spot in which the plate was concealed, struck him with violence, inflicting a severe sabre wound across the shoulders. Aroused by the infamy of the act, Mrs. Shubrick, starting from her seat, and placing herself betwixt the ruffian and his victim, resolutely said, "Place yourself behind me, *Murdoch;* the interposition of my body shall give you protection, or I will die:" then, addressing herself to the Sergeant, exclaimed, "O what a degradation of manhood—what departure from that gallantry which was once the characteristic of British soldiers! Human nature is degraded by your barbarity;—but should you persist, then strike at *me*, for till I die, no further injury shall be done to *him*. The Serjeant, unable to resist such commanding eloquence, retired. The hope, however, of attaining the object in view, very speedily subjected the unfortunate Murdoch to new persecution. He was tied up under the very tree where the plate was buried, and threatened with immediate execution unless he would make the discovery required. But although well acquainted with the unrelenting severity of his enemy, and earnestly solicited by his wife to save his life by a speedy confession of the place of deposit; he persisted resolutely, that a sacred trust was not to be betrayed, and actually succeeded in preserving it. *When complimented at an after period on his heroic firmness, he asserted*, that he was strengthened in *his resolution by* the recollection that a part of the

pate belonged *to the church*, and that he should have considered it as *sacrilege*, had he suffered it, through a weakness of disposition, to fall into the hands of robbers.

Miss Flint.

"Who is that gentleman walking with Miss Flint?" said a wag to his companion, as they walked along Prince's street. "Oh," replied the other, "that is a *spark* which she has *struck*."

Bannockburn.

Two English gentlemen visited the field of Bannockburn, so celebrated for the total defeat of the English army, by Robert the Bruce. A country blacksmith pointed out the positions of both armies, the stone where the Bruce's standard was fixed during the battle, &c. Highly satisfied with his attention, the gentleman, on leaving him, pressed his acceptance of a crown-piece: "Na, na," said Vulcan, drawing himself up, and adding with emphasis, "It has cost ye enough already."

Pleasure and Pain.

The Hon. Thomas Erskine was one evening taken suddenly ill at Lady Payne's: on her expressing a hope that his indisposition might not be serious, he answered her in the following impromptu:—

'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew *pleasure* who never knew *Payne*.

Pun upon Pun.

The Hon. Henry Erskine, observing a spot of grease upon a friend's coat, said, that he was



present in the same situation with his horse. "How is that?" the gentleman asked. "Because," replied Mr. E. "you are *greased*." "Oh, Harry," said his friend, "that wit is *far-fetched*." "By no means," exclaimed Mr. E. "it is *made upon the spot*."

The British Lion.

In the commencement of the American revolution, when one of the British king's thundering proclamations made its appearance, the subject was mentioned in a company in Philadelphia; a member of congress who was present, turning to Miss Livingston, said, "Well, Miss, are you greatly terrified at the *roaring of the British Lion?*" "Not at all, sir, for I have learned from Natural History, that *beast roars loudest when he is most frightened.*"

Os Tuum.

In the humanity class of Glasgow, it is a practice amongst the students to call out to any of their companions who leave the class-room door open,—

"Claude *ostium*, puer."

Once, during the time of Professor Muirhead, on a student being very forward in vociferating this injunction, the Professor exclaimed,—

"Claude *os-tuum*, puer!"

Staymakers.

The Hon. Henry Erskine being retained as counsel for a body of *Shoemakers*, in a question before the Court of Session, in Scotland, the cause was repeatedly called before the Lord Ordinary; but after waiting a considerable time, the other



party's counsel not appearing, Mr. E. observed to his Lordship, "that the present was certainly a cause of *stay-makers*."

A poor Mouthful for a Gourmand.

It was once observed, in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, that a gentleman, who was known to have a pretty good appetite, had eaten away his *senses*. "Pooh!" replied Henry Erskine, "they would not be a *mouthful* to him."

Accusation and Acquittal.

A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentleman of the Bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who is of the bustling order—"*Has been accused of possessing talents.*"—Another seeing the accusation, immediately wrote under the charge—"*Has been tried and acquitted.*"

King James I.

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of that Solomon of Great Britain, James the First, was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his Majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "In troth, man," said the King to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son must reign by candle-light."

Anecdote of the Battle of Trafalgar.

Nothing galls the national pride of a true-blue Scot more than the liberties that have been taken with that article of the Union, which expressly declared, that Britain should be the only recognized



designation of the United Kingdoms of Scotland and England. The King of England, the English Ambassador, the English Army, the English Fleet, &c. are therefore terms particularly offensive to a Scottish ear. An instance of this feeling occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, from the same little clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the celebrated intimation was displayed from the Admiral's ship. "Look up, and read yon, Jock," said the one to the other; "'England expects every man to do his duty'—no a word frae puir auld Scotland on this occasion." Jock cocked his eye at the object for a moment, and, turning to his companion, thus addressed him—"Man, Geordie, is that a' your sense?—Scotland kens weel enough that her bairns will do their duty—*that's just a hint to the Englishers.*"

Highland Ancestry.

The following is an amusing instance of the tenacity with which the Highlanders hold to the honours and antiquity of their kindred:—A dispute arose between Campbell and M'Lean upon the never-ending subject. M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of M'Lean was before the flood. "Flood! what flood?" said M'Lean. "The flood you know that drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks," said *Campbell.* "*Pooh!* you and your flood," said *M'Lean,* "*my* clan was afore ta flood." "I have not



read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark." "Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean in contempt, "who ever heard of a M'Lean that had not a boat of his own?"

Good Returned for Evil.

When we arrived at Albany, says the baroness Reidesel, where we so often wished ourselves, but where we did not enter as we expected we should—victors! we were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife and daughters, not as enemies, but as kind friends; and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness, as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General S——'s beautifully finished house to be burnt; in fact they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollection of *their own* injuries in the contemplation of *our* misfortunes. General Burgoyne was struck with General Schuyler's generosity, and said to him, "*You show me great kindness*, although I have done you *much injury*." "*That was the fate of war*," replied the brave man, "*let us say no more about it.*"

Reproof.

A poor old deaf man, residing in a Fifeshire village, was visited one day by the parish clergyman, who had recently taken a resolution to pay such visits regularly to his parishioners, and therefore made a promise to the wife of this villager that he would call occasionally and pray with him. The minister, however, soon fell through his resolution, and did not pay another visit to the deaf man till two years after, when, happening to go through the alley in which the poor man lived, he found the



wife at the door, and therefore could not avoid inquiring for her husband. "Well, Margaret," said the minister, "how is Thamas?" "Nae the better o' you," was the rather curt answer. "How, how, Margaret?" inquired the minister. "Ou, ye promised twa years syne to ca' and pray ance a fortnight wi' him, and ye never ance darkened the door sin syne." "Well, well, Margaret, don't be so short. I thought it was not very necessary to call and pray with Thamas, for he's deaf, you know, and cannot hear me." "But, sir," rejoined the woman, "*the Lord's no deaf.*" And the indolent clergyman shrunk abashed from the cottage.

Woman's Wisdom.

One of the Cecil family, minister to Scotland from England, was speaking to Mary, Queen of Scots, of the wisdom of his sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. Mary stopped him short by saying, "Pray, sir, don't talk to me of the wisdom of a woman; I think I know my own sex pretty well, and can assure you, that the wisest of us all is only a little less a fool than the others."

Henry Clay.

In the long dispute between the States of Virginia and Kentucky, growing out of what was termed the "occupying claimant laws," Mr. Clay was retained by Kentucky to maintain her rights before "that tribunal in the last resort," the Supreme Court of the United States. The then Speaker of the House of Representatives was to appear for the first time before that elevated, dignified and venerable body; and a large concourse of spectators *was attracted* by a natural curiosity to determine



whether the orator of the West would be able to sustain his high reputation upon this new and untried theatre.—When he rose, it was with some slight agitation of manner; but he soon recovered his wonted composure, and held his auditors in admiring attention, while he pronounced a most beautiful eulogium upon the character of the sons of Kentucky. The Judges sat in their black robes of office, sedate and attentive. The late Judge Washington, who was in the habit of indulging himself with an occasional pinch of snuff, had taken out his snuff-box for a little of that titillating restorative; and Mr. Clay, on observing it, instantly stopped, and advancing gracefully to the bench with his thumb and finger extended, participated with the Judge in the refreshment of his nasal organs. As he applied the pinch, he observed, "I perceive that your Honour sticks to the Scotch," and immediately resuming his stand, he proceeded in his argument without the least embarrassment. So extraordinary a step over the usual barrier which separates this Court and the barristers, excited not a little astonishment and admiration among the spectators; and it was afterwards well remarked by Judge S. in relating the circumstance to a friend, that "he did not believe there was a man in the United States who could have done that, but Henry Clay."

Electioneering.

An eccentric clergyman, of the name of Ogilvy, formerly minister of Lunan in Forfarshire, was in request at an election for the county, in consequence of his having a freehold vote. One Sunday, Lord Gray, whose party he espoused, sent into the church to say, that he wished to see the parson at the pub-



lic house. Mr. Ogilvy immediately stopped his discourse, and said, "My brethren, I am called on the business of the nation; you will sing to the praise and glory of God from the beginning of the 119th Psalm; and, if I have not returned when you have concluded it, you may either begin it again, or go on to the next, as you like best."

Prejudice Reconciled.

Bensley, the player, was originally a captain in the army. One day he met a Scotch officer, who had been in the same regiment. The latter was happy to meet an old messmate; but his Scotch blood made him ashamed to be seen with a player. He therefore hurried Mr. Bensley into an unfrequented coffee-house, where he asked him, very seriously, "Hoo could ye disgrace the corps, by turning a play-actor?" Mr. Bensley replied, that he by no means considered it in that light; that, on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in the best manner, and kept the company of the first people. "And what, man," said the other, "do you get by this business of yours?" "I now," answered Mr. Bensley, "get about a thousand a-year." "A thoosand a-year!" exclaimed Saunders, astonished; "hae you ony vacancies in your corps?"

Mercantile Indigestion, with the Prescriptions of an Edinburgh Professor.

Scene—Doctor's Study. Enter a douce-looking Glasgow Merchant.

Patient.—Good morning, doctor; I'm just come in to Edinburgh about some law business, and I

thought, when I was here at my rate, I might just as weel tak your advice, sir, anent my trouble.

Doctor.—And pray what may your trouble be, my good sir?

P.—'Deed, doctor, I'm no very sure; but I'm thinking it's a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about my stomach—just no right.

Dr.—You're from the west country, I should suppose, sir?

P.—Yes, sir, from Glasgow.

Dr.—Ay. Pray, sir, are you a gourmand—a glutton?

P.—God forbid, sir! I'm one of the plainest men living in all the west country.

Dr.—Then, perhaps, you're a drunkard?

P.—No, doctor; thank God, no one can accuse me of that: I'm of the Dissenting persuasion, doctor, and an elder; so ye may suppose I'm nae drunkard.

Dr.—(*Aside*—I'll suppose no such thing, till you tell me your mode of life.) I'm so much puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take to it?

P.—I breakfast at nine o'clock. I tak a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea; a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or kipper'd salmon, or may be both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr.—Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, to breakfast?

P.—O yes, sir; but I don't count that as any thing.

Dr.—Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of dinner do you make?



P.—Oh, sir, I eat a very plain dinner indeed. Some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes: I think, some way, they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr.—You take a little pudding, then, and afterwards some cheese?

P.—Oh yes; though I don't care much about them.

Dr.—You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?

P.—Yes, one or the other, but seldom both.

Dr.—You west country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner?

P.—Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr.—Do you take any wine during dinner?

P.—Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr.—What quantity of port do you drink?

P.—Oh, very little; not above half a dozen glasses or so.

Dr.—In the west country, it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch?

P.—Yes, sir; indeed 'tis punch we drink chiefly; but, for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never tak more than a couple of tumblers or so,—and that's moderate.

Dr.—Oh, exceedingly moderate indeed! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea, and bread and butter?

P.—Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr.—And, on your return, you take supper, I suppose?

P.—No, sir, I canna be said to tak supper; just something before going to bed: a rizzer'd haddock,

or a bit of toasted cheese, or half a hundred of oysters, or the like o' that; and, may be, two-thirds of a bottle of ale; but I tak no regular supper.

Dr.—But you take a little more punch after that?

P.—No, sir; punch does not agree with me at bed-time. I tak a tumbler of warm whiskey toddy at night; it's lighter to sleep on.

Dr.—So it must be, no doubt. This, you say, is your every-day life; but, upon great occasions, you perhaps exceed a little?

P.—No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr.—Not above twice a-week?

P.—No; not oftener.

Dr.—Of course you sleep well, and have a good appetite?

P.—Yes, sir, thank God, I have; indeed, any wee harl o' health that I hae is about meal-time.

Dr.—(Assuming a severe look, knitting his brows, and lowering his eyebrows.) Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed; you come here and tell me that you are a moderate man, and I might have believed you, did I not know the nature of the people in your part of the country; but, upon examination, I find, by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton; you breakfast in the morning in a style that would serve a moderate man for dinner; and, from five o'clock in the afternoon, you undergo one almost uninterrupted loading of your stomach till you go to bed. This is your moderation! you told me, too, another falsehood—you said you were a sober man; yet, by your own showing, you are a beer-swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a guzzler of Glasgow punch; a liquor, the name of which is associated, in my mind, only with



the ideas of low company and beastly intoxication You *tell me* you eat indigestible suppers, and swil toddy to force sleep—I *see* that you chew tobacco Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this? Go home, sir, and leave off your present course of riot ous living—take some dry toast and tea to you breakfast—some plain meat and soup for your din ner, without adding to it any thing to spur on you flagging appetite; you may take a cup of tea in the evening, but never let me hear of haddocks and toasted cheese, and oysters, with their accompani ments of ale and toddy at night; give up chewing that vile, narcotic, nauseous abomination, and there are some hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health like your neigh bours.

P.—I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you—(taking out a bunch of bank-notes)—I shal endeavour to——

Dr.—Sir, you are not obliged to me—put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee from you for telling you what you knew as well as myself? Though you are no physician, sir, you are not al together a fool. You have read your Bible, and must know that drunkenness and gluttony are both sinful and dangerous; and, whatever you may think you have this day confessed to me that you are a notorious glutton and drunkard. Go home, sir, and reform, or, take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

[*Exit patient, dumbfounded and looking blue.*

Dr.—(*Solus.*) Sober and temperate! Dr. Watt tried to live in Glasgow, and make his patients live moderately, and purged and bled them when they were sick; but it would not do. Let the Glasgow

doctors prescribe beef-steaks and rum punch, and their fortune is made.

George Schaffer and the Salamander Hat.

Whilst Schaffer was at a tavern in Epping, N. H., he noticed a raw-looking would-be-dandy sort of a fellow, strutting about, with all the consequence allowable to persons who wear new hats and fine clothes; and thinking this to be a fine opportunity for enjoying a little sport at the bumpkin's expense, he accordingly addressed himself in a very respectful manner to the fellow in the following words:—"A beautiful hat that of yours, sir: pray, young gentleman, if I may be so bold, what did you give for that?"—"Eight dollars," said the fellow, with an air of consequence. "But *eight* dollars? Indeed, sir! Why I pretend to know something about hats, being a hatter myself,—and I consider that hat to be as much worth *twenty* dollars, as the one I wear myself, which I gave twenty-five for, by the gross. Why, sir, they are very scarce—very few of the *salamander* hats imported now-a-days." "What are they?—*salamander* hats?" said the fellow. "To be sure," said Schaffer, "did you never hear of the *salamander* hats, which are made of a substance called *asbestos*, which resists the action of heat?—so that if you should leave one in the fire *an hour*, it wouldn't burn." "What," said the fellow, "won't my hat burn, if I should go to stick it into that are grate?" "Burn!" bellowed Schaffer, staring in his peculiar manner, "to be sure the *salamander* hats never burn!" "What will you bet, now, that my hat won't burn?" said the fellow, taking off his hat and examining it. "Bet?" said Schaffer, "I never bet! yet, as I am *positive* in this case, I shall bet."



glass of pop, that that hat (as it is a *salamander* hat) won't burn if you should leave it in the fire *two minutes*."—"You 'll bet that my hat won't burn, if I should go to poke it in *that are grate?*" "Yes," replied Schaffer. "Done," said the other, and, immediately thrusting his hat into the grate, (which was well filled with Lehigh) he had the satisfaction of seeing it consumed in less time than was stipulated in the bet; while he was prevented from rescuing it by the company, who affirmed that they would see no cheating in the matter, and that the hat should remain the appointed time. After the hat was consumed, Schaffer, turning round, said in a melancholy manner, "Here, landlord, give the young gentleman *a glass of pop*—I've lost my bet!"

A Scotch Answer.

The Rev. Ralph Erskine, one of the fathers of the secession from the Kirk of Scotland, paid a visit to his venerable brother, Ebenezer, at Abernethy. "Oh! man," said the latter, "but ye come in gude time; I've a diet of examination to-day, and ye maun tak it, as I have matters o' life and death to settle at Perth." "With all my heart," quoth Ralph. "Noo, Billy," says Ebenezer, "ye'll find a' my folk easy to examine but ane, and him I reckon ye had better no meddle wi'. He has an auld, fashious, Scotch way of answering ae question by putting another; and may be he'll affront ye." "Affront me!" quoth the indignant theologian; "do ye think he can foil me wi' my ain natural tools?" "Aweel," said his brother, "I'se gie ye fair warning; ye had *better no ca' him* up." The recusant was one *Walter Simpson*, the smith of the parish. The gifted *Ralph, indignant* to the last degree at the



of such an illiterate clown chopping divinity with *him*, determined to gravel him at once with a grand, leading, unanswerable question. Accordingly, after putting a variety of simple preliminary interrogatories to the senior clodhoppers, he all at once, with a loud voice, cried out, "Walter Simpson!" "Here, sir," says Walter, "are ye wanting me?" "Attention, sir! Now, Walter, can ye tell me how long Adam stood in a state of innocence?" "Ay—till he got a wife," cried the anvil-hammerer, in an instant; "but can ye tell me, sir, hoo lang he stood after?" "Sit down, Walter," said the discomfited divine.

Let Sleeping Dogs Lie.

A weaver, who lived in a village in Ayrshire, and who occupied every Sunday a conspicuous *bottom-room* in the front *laft* of the parish church, was a shameless votary of Morpheus. Day after day, for years, *John Thamson* regularly laid his head upon the *book-board* at the reading out of the text, and there did he sleep, yea sometimes snore, till the conclusion of the discourse. John seemed to think the text all that was truly necessary; he "dreamed the rest." This at length became intolerably annoying to the clergyman, and two elders were sent to remonstrate with him on the exceeding sinfulness of his behaviour. "I canna help it, sirs," said John; "I'm a hard-working man a' the week, but Sabbath; and though I like the kirk and the minister weel eneuch, unless ye ca' my head off, I canna keep my een open." "Weel, John," said the remonstrants, "if ye *will* allow Satan to exerceese his power over you in this dorming, dwamming way, in the very *kirk itsell, what* gars ye sit in the front laft, where



ly amaist sees you? Can ye no tak a back where your sin micht be less seen and heard?" k a back seat!" exclaimed John; "na, na, I'll :r quit my cozie corner; my father, my grand- er, and my great-grandfather a' sat there: and re sit will John, come o't what will!" This re- nstrance being found ineffectual, the minister re- ved upon the desperate measure of *affronting* John t of his truly antichristian practice, by rebuking m before the congregation, and while he was in ıe very act. Little, however, did he know the rinciple of resistance which glowed within the osom of the drowsy wabster. Next Sunday fore- ıoon, as soon as John had, as usual, sunk into slum- ber upon the desk, and fairly begun his serenade, he cried, "Sit up, John Thamson!" "I'm no sleep- ing, sir," quoth John. "Oh, John, John! can you tell me what I said last?" "Ou ay, sir; ye said, 'Sit up, John Thamson!'"

Acute Criticism.

Three Roxburghshire lairds, Mr. Kerr of Abbot- rule, Mr. E—t of H—d, and Mr. K—r of C—o, were officers in one fencible regiment, which was quartered in a town in Ireland during the time of the Rebellion of 1798. It was the age before intel- lect began its march, when all men were not bound to be familiar with literary matters, as in latter times. Mr. Kerr was consulted by his two com- panions, whose capacities, he was very well aware, were not over brilliant, as to the best manner of be- guiling the time while the regiment was lying in- active, and recommended the *Vicar of Wakefield* to them as a book from the perusal of which they were sure to derive the desired amusement: it was prin



cipally, however, with a view to his own amusement, that he engaged them in this method of killing their tedious leisure hours. The two students set to work on Goldsmith's fascinating novel without loss of time, and, living together, they resolved also to read together: upon the same principle, it is to be presumed, that two travellers on one road join company in order to lighten the way. Mr. Kerr failed not to call regularly every forenoon, to see what progress they made, and always found the *Vicar of Wakefield* lying on the table, with a mark at the place where they had left off. This mark he every day put back to very nearly the same place where it had been the day before; so that the two intelligent gentlemen, though they applied assiduously, could hardly make their way through the volume at all. At length he did permit them to finish it, and asked, when it was done, how they liked it? "Why," said one of them very simply, "it's a nice enough kind of book; but don't you think there is a great deal of *sameness* in it?"

Pittsburgh unknown at Leghorn.

Pittsburgh is a *port of entry*, and ship-building has been carried on with spirit, even at the source of the Ohio. A curious incident, connected with this subject, was mentioned by Mr. Clay, on the floor of Congress. "To illustrate the commercial habits of the American people, he said he would relate an anecdote of a vessel built and cleared out at Pittsburgh, for Leghorn. When she arrived at her place of destination, the master presented his papers to the proper officer, who would not credit them; but said to him, 'Sir, your papers are forged. There is no such place as Pittsburgh in the world!

your vessel must be confiscated.' The trembling Captain laid before the officer the map of the United States—directed him to the Gulf of Mexico—pointed out to him the mouth of the Mississippi—led him a thousand miles up to the mouth of the Ohio, and thence another thousand up to Pittsburgh. 'There, sir, is the port where my vessel cleared out?' The astonished officer, before he had seen the map, would as readily have believed that this vessel had been navigated from the moon."

Summer and Winter.

During the wet and disagreeable summer of 1820, one gentleman asked another if he ever remembered such a summer; to which the other replied, very seriously, "Yes; last winter."

Criticism.

The early patroness of Burns (Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop) had an old housekeeper, a sort of privileged person, who had certain aristocratical notions of the family dignity, that made her utterly astonished at the attentions that were paid by her mistress to a man in such low worldly estate as the rustic poet. In order to overcome her prejudice and surprise, her mistress persuaded her to peruse a MS. copy of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," which the poet had just then written. When Mrs. Dunlop inquired her opinion of the poem, she replied, with a quaint indifference, "Aweel, madam, that's vera weel." "Is that all you have to say in its favour?" asked the mistress. "'Deed, madam," she returned, "the like o' you quality may see a vast in't; but I was aye used to the like o' all that the poet has written about in my ain father's house, and atweel I dinna ken

how he could hae described it ony other gate." When Burns heard of the old woman's criticism, he remarked that it was one of the highest compliments he had ever received.

Lord Kaimes.

Lord Kaimes, it is very well known, paid great and successful attention to the improvement of agriculture. A great number of years ago, a German quack, who called himself Baron Von Haak, vaunted of having discovered a powerfully fertilizing manure, which he advertised for sale, pretending that a very small quantity sufficed to fertilize an acre of land in a very extraordinary manner. Happening to converse upon this subject with one of his neighbours, a plain sagacious farmer, the former observed to Lord Kaimes, that he had no faith in the Baron's nostrum, as he conceived the proposed quantity vastly too small to be of any use. "My good friend," said Lord Kaimes, "such are the wonderful discoveries in science, that I should not be surprised if, at some future time, we might be able to carry the manure of an acre of land to the field in our coat pocket!" "Very possibly," replied the farmer; "but, in that case, I suspect you will be able to bring back the crop in your waistcoat pocket."

It was once customary for the Scotch criminal judges to give a dinner at the circuit towns to all the legal train which follow them. Lord Kaimes was once doing the honours of such an affair at Perth, where, being very parsimonious, he defrauded the company of their usual claret. The conversation turned on Sir Charles Hardy's fleet, which *was then* blockaded by the French; and one of the



t had become of our fleet? Mr
l, "They are, like us, confined

der and Balls.

dern history be produced, they
ore heroic reply than that of
to the British commanders.
ng the balls which the enemy
ıe foe applied to them—"*We*
ı sell them?" They answered,
send us powder, and we'll re-

:dote of Burns.

aps, no man more severely in-
ɔn of reproof. The following
te this fact. The conversation
g's Arms Inn, Dumfries, turn-
townsman, whose funeral was
following day, "By the by,"
npany, addressing himself to
would lend me your black coat
own being rather out of re-
elf to attend the same funeral,"
am sorry that I cannot lend
I can recommend a most ex-
row your character over your
be the *blackest coat* you ever
!"

'attle of the Pot.

crous circumstance took place
coal district a few miles to the
—It is the laudable custom of



that part of the country to have a somewhat better dinner on Sundays than on the other days of the week. The Dominican letter on the present occasion, in a certain cottage, indicated sheep's head and a haggis, two dishes, each of which may be said to stand high in the affections of a Scottish peasant, but which, together, are fit to make him as happy as a king. The *head* was that of a stout full-grown tup, and, as the old song says, it was put—

"————————l' the pat,
Horns and a' thegither;"

—the same pot, be it remarked, with the haggis. This delicious mess was left to the charge of a little boy, the son of the honest collier, and the rest of the family all trudged off to church. During sermon, to the great mortification of the mother, the juvenile custodier of the kail-pat entered the place of worship during sermon, and began, from a station a little within the door, to make some ludicrous, but evidently very earnest and anxious signs to her, by way of inducing her to leave her seat and follow him out of doors. She kept winking and glooming, to make him go away; but he was not to be carried from his purpose by any such signals. It was evidently a case of great and important distress. At length, the boy's anxiety getting quite the better of his prudence, he fairly burst out with,—"'Deed, mother, ye may winky-wanky as you like; but it's true eneuch: I tell ye, the sheep's head has sticket the haggis!" This appeal was heard by the whole congregation, and moved the very elders, and even the minister himself, to laughter; while the old lady, hobbling out of her seat, lent the unfortunate scullion such a lounder on the cheek, as made him spin before her out of the church. This exclamation is to this day proverbial in the place.

Wit by Marriage.

An English gentleman visiting the widow of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, at Dumfries, was exceedingly anxious to obtain some *relick* of the bard, as he called it; that is, some scrap of his handwriting, or any other little object which could be considered a memorial of the deceased. Mrs. Burns replied to all his entreaties, that she had already given away every thing of that kind that was remarkable, or which she could think of parting with; that, indeed, she had no relick to give him. Still the visitant insisted, and still Mrs. Burns declared her inability to satisfy him; at length, pushed by his good-humoured entreaties to very extremity, she as good-humouredly said, "Well, sir, unless you take myself, I really can think of no other *relick* (relict) of him that is in my power to give, or yours to receive." Of course, this closed the argument.

Female Patriotism.

The following anecdote, which is too well authenticated to be disputed, furnishes one instance, among thousands, of that heroic spirit and love of liberty, which characterized the American females during the struggle for independence.

"A good lady, in 1775, lived on the seaboard, about a day's march from Boston, where the British army then was. By some unaccountable accident, a rumour was spread in town, and country, in and about there, that the *regulars* were on a full march for that place, and would probably arrive in three hours.

"This was after the battle of Lexington, and all, as might be well supposed, was in sad confusion:

some were boiling with rage, and full of fight; some, in fear and confusion, were hiding their treasures; and others flying for life. In this wild moment, when most people, in some way or other, were frightened from their propriety, our heroine, who had two sons, one about nineteen years of age, the other about sixteen, was seen preparing them to discharge their duty. The eldest she was able to equip in fine style: she took her husband's fowling-piece, 'made for duck or plover,' (the good man being absent on a coasting voyage to Virginia) and with it the powder-horn and shot-bag. But the lad thinking the duck and goose shot not quite the size to kill regulars, his mother took a chisel, cut up her pewter spoons, hammered them into slugs, and put them into his bag, and he set off in great earnest, but thought he would call one moment and see the parson, who said, 'Well done, my brave boy! God preserve you!' and on he went in the way of his duty. The youngest was importunate for *his* equipments, but his mother could find nothing to arm him with, but an old rusty sword. The boy seemed rather unwilling to risk himself with this alone, but lingered in the street, in a state of hesitation, when his mother thus upbraided him: 'You John H*****, what will your father say, if he hears that a child of his is afraid to meet the British?—go along: beg or borrow a gun, or you will find one, child: some coward, I dare say, will be running away: then take his gun, and march forward; and if you come back, and I hear you have not behaved like a man, I shall carry the blush of shame on my face to the grave.' She then shut the door, wiped the tear from her eye, and waited the issue. The boy joined the march. Such a woman could not have cowards for her sons. Instances of refined and delicate pride



and affection occurred, at that period, every day, in different places; and, in fact, this disposition and feeling were then so common, that it now operates as one great cause of our not having more facts of this kind recorded. What few are remembered should not be lost. Nothing great or glorious was ever achieved, which women did not act in, advise, or consent to.

Apologies for Shabbiness.

A respectable public functionary in Dundee, of parsimonious habits, was one day rallied by a friend from the country upon the extreme shabbiness of his attire. "Hoot, man," answered the bailie, "it's nae matter; every body kens me here;" meaning that, his character being perfectly known in the place, it was quite unnecessary that he should fortify his pretensions by fine clothes. It happened that the same friend met him afterwards in the streets of London; and, finding his clothes no better, expressed still greater surprise than before, adding, that surely his former excuse would not now avail him. "Hoot, man," answered the pertinacious miser, "*naebody* kens me here!"

Reproof from the Pulpit.

The Rev. Mr. Shirra, a most eccentric dissenting clergyman at Kirkaldy, could never endure to see any of his flock attend public worship in clothes that he thought too fine for their station in life. One Sunday afternoon, a young lass, who attended his meeting-house regularly, and was personally known to him, came in with a new bonnet of greater magnitude, and more richly decorated, than he thought befitted the wearer. He soon observed it; and, paus-



ing in the middle of his discourse, said, "Leuk, ony o' ye that's near hand there, whether my wife be sleepin' or no, as I canna get a glint o' her for a' thae fine falderals about Jenny Bean's braw new bannet."

Meg Dods.

A late female innkeeper at Peebles, Miss Ritchie by name, answered in every respect to the character of Meg Dods, in the novel of St. Ronan's Well. In the year 1810, a number of French officers, who had been prisoners in the *depot* at Pennycuik, were sent to Peebles, to lodge there on parole. At their first arrival, some of them went to dine at Miss Ritchie's; and she placed before them a tureen of excellent Scotch broth. Being keenly set after their walk, they relished her fare very much, and said to one another, "C'est bon, c'est bon;" accompanying the remark with shrugs and grimaces expressive of satisfaction. This, Miss Ritchie overheard, and, mistaking the expression,—"I daur ye," said she, "ye hallanshaker looking scoondrels, to say there's *banes* i' my kail! Gang back whaur ye cam frae, and see if ye'll get ony better there!" And it was not without some difficulty that the good lady was appeased, so as to permit them to sit any longer in her house.

Another lady of this stamp kept a hotel at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, where, one day, she had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls—be it said, in passing, none of the reverend party was reckoned powerful in the pulpit. It must also be remarked that the worthy hostess, like the most of her tribe in that age, did

not think herself well treated if her guests did not ask her to partake of their repast, or at least of their drink. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs. Buchan whether she ever had had such a party in her house before. "Here sit I," said he, "a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk. Confess, Lucky Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before." The question not being premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass of wine, Mrs. B. answered drily, "Indeed, sir, I cannot just say that I ever had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers: and deil a spring could they play among them."

Washington's Friendship for Gen. Knox.

Washington always kept this useful and scientific officer near his own person; and he not only honoured him with confidence, but with brotherly affection. After the defeat of Gates's army at Camden, General Greene was offered the arduous command of the southern department. The Quaker General, with his usual modesty, replied, "Knox is the man for that difficult undertaking; all obstacles vanish before him; his resources are infinite." "True," answered Washington, "and therefore I cannot part with him."

Bishop Leighton.

This amiable personage, who was bishop of Dunkeld, in the reign of Charles II., was exceedingly charitable. One day, as he was taking exercise in

a secluded walk near the town, the widow of a poor clergyman, to whose support, and that of her children, his lordship had liberally contributed, broke in upon his solitude, and for a very strange reason. The good woman had been led to suppose, that the real cause of the bishop's beneficence was a desire to make himself agreeable to her. Accordingly, when he asked eagerly after her children, under the impression that her intrusion arose from sudden distress on their part, she replied that they were all well, but she had been unable to rest till she disclosed to his lordship a remarkable *revelation* which had been made to her. "A revelation to you!" exclaimed the astonished dignitary. "Yes, my lord," said the woman; "it was revealed to me that your lordship and I are about to be married." "Indeed!" cried Leighton, "no such revelation, however, has yet been made to me; and if we are to be married by revelation, the marriage cannot take place, you know, until it be revealed to *both parties*."

Bons Mots of a Brother of T. Campbell.

While Mr. Thomas Campbell was prosecuting his studies at the University of Glasgow, he occupied the same apartments with an elder brother, who, though no poet himself, was an admirable critic, and possessed a species of dry sarcastic humour, peculiarly his own. Mr. Campbell had descended to the breakfast-room one morning, leaving the poet to follow at his leisure. After waiting some time, he commenced his meal in solitude, and had nearly finished, when his brother entered with a copy of verses in his hand, which he laid on the table as an excuse for the delay, at the same time



requesting Mr. Campbell's opinion of their merit. The reply was quite characteristic: "Your lines are admirable, Tom, my boy; but they want *fire*;" and, suiting the action to the word, the merciless critic committed the paper to the flames.

On another occasion, when the brothers were in bed together, the poet was more than usually restless, and, in the ardour of inspiration, inflicted sundry kicks upon his less elevated brother, which the other received with his usual sang froid. In the morning, however, he took the first opportunity of interrogating the poet as to the cause of his perplexed slumbers. "I was not asleep," he replied, "but was attempting a poem upon grandeur, and could not get the lines to please me at all; with one or two alterations, however, I think it will do now." "Indeed!" said the elder brother drily: "Well, Tom, I don't know what share *you* claim in this effusion; but I am quite sure *I* had all the bold strokes of it."

The Lost Wig.

While Lord Coalstoun lived in a house in the Advocate's Close, Edinburgh, a strange accident one morning befell him. It was at that time the custom for advocates and judges to dress themselves in gowns, and wigs, and cravats, at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows for a few minutes, before St. Giles's bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened one morning,

while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. His lordship had just popped his head out of the window, directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, good easy man, what a danger impended, like the sword of Dionysius, over his head; when down came the exasperated animal at full career, directly upon the senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of landing place their kitten had found, than in terror or surprise they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal, up also came the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His lordship's surprise, on finding his wig lifted off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling in its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the awe almost of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror, of the girls above—together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between—altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with considerable effect. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned; but assuredly the perpetrators of it did afterwards get many a lengthened injunction from their parents never again to fish over the window with such a bait for honest men's wigs.

Mr. Monroe, wa
ior in France, during the
ter the fall of Robespierre, said to
an, at Saint Germain: "Fortune is rollin
the kennel, and any one may stop and pick it u
During a walk in the wood of Saint Germain, he
was talking in defence of his country, which he
held to be finer than ours: his daughter, who wa
but a child, a pupil in the establishment of Sair
Germain, interrupted him by saying, "Yes, pap
but there are no streets in America like thos
pointing at the same time towards the same ro
"Very true," said Mr. Monroe, "our nation ma
compared to a newly formed household; we a
want of many things, but we possess the
thing of all—liberty."

Lachrymal Canals.

A lady who kept a boarding-school sor
ago, near London, wrote a novel, in whic
other extravagant expressions, occurred
"His lordship could not weep;
his lachrymal canals
lent a copy
this

could get up to the world he had discovered in the moon; for, as the way must needs be long, a person travelling thither would require to have some resting places by the way? "Oh, madam," said the bishop, "your grace, who has built so many castles in the air, can be at no loss."

At your Service.

The late Sir Fletcher Norton was in his character of a counsellor rather coarse: he once examined Mr. Alderman Shakespeare as a witness, and, in the course of his examination, said in a rude way, "And pray, what trade are you, friend?" "A *ropemaker, at your service,*" replied the alderman.

The American Soldier.

In the battle of ———, Colonel Jessup, suspecting that his troops had expended nearly all their cartridges, passed along the rear of the line, to make inquiry as to the fact. Several soldiers who lay mortally wounded, some of them actually in the agonies of death, hearing the inquiry, forgot for a moment, in their devotion to their country, both the pain they endured and the approach of death, and called out, each one for himself, "Here are cartridges in my box—take and distribute them among my companions."

A soldier in the line exclaimed to his commander, "My musket is shot to pieces." His comrade, who lay expiring with his wounds at the distance of a few feet, replied in a voice scarcely audible, "My musket is in excellent order—take and use her."

It is no extravagance to assert, that an army of such men, commanded by officers of corresponding merit, is literally invincible.



Purgatory.

"With regard to purgatory," says an old popish writer, "with regard to purgatory, I will not *say* a great deal; but this much I *think*,—that the Protestants may go farther, and fare worse."

Other Irons in the Fire.

Mrs. B—— desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a new work she had just written; adding, that, if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other *irons in the fire*, and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. "Then," said the Doctor, after having turned over a few of the leaves, "I advise you, madam, to put it where your *other irons* are."

Greed in Letters.

It being proved, on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who pretended that it was *Linch*; "I see," said the judge, "the old proverb is verified in this man, who, being allowed an *Inch*, has taken an *L*."

Travelling Post.

A traveller speaking of the many countries and cities he had seen, one of the company asked him if he had ever been in Cosmography? He, taking it for the name of a city, said, "We saw it at a distance; but, as we went post, we could not visit it."

The Hat.

When Marion's brigade was once engaged in battle, Captain Gee was supposed to be mortally

wounded. A ball passed through the cock of his hat, very much tearing, not only the crown, but also his head. He lay, for many hours, insensible; but, suddenly reviving, his first inquiry was after his hat; which being brought to him, a friend at the same time lamenting the mangled state of his head, he exclaimed; "Oh, I care nothing about my head: time and the doctors will mend that; but it grieves me to think that the rascals have ruined my new hat for ever."

Selling Lands.

A yeoman of Kent selling some lands, the lawyer was puzzled as to the designation which he should have in the deeds. "Say *gentleman*," suggested a bystander; "for selling lands is a gentleman's trade."

A Warlike Prelate.

Richard II, on the pope reclaiming, as a son of the church, a bishop he had taken prisoner in battle, sent him the prelate's *coat of mail*, and, in the words of Scripture, asked him, "Know whether this be *thy son's coat* or no?"

Cross Answers.

A prisoner being brought up to Bow Street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate: "How do you live?" "Pretty well, sir; generally a joint and pudding at dinner." "I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?" "I beg your worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the chandler's shop." "You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean simply to ask you, how do you do?" "Tolerably well, I thank your worship: I hope your worship is well."



Charles the Second

No prince was more addre
while the very people who sen
extravagant offers, scarcely a
sary supplies. Killigrew saw t
and once gave private orders
make one of his majesty's co
enormous size, and the other
thimble. The king being in
done at the desire of Killig
reason. "May it please your
arch wag, "the large pocket
dresses of your subjects, and
money in, which they intend t

Punishment of

Lord North, who was very
the gout, one day feeling som
proaching fit, ordered his serv
gouty shoes. The fellow, af
some time in vain, returned, a
believed they were stolen, and
information, muttered a few
the thief. "Poh! poh!" saic
peer, "do not be ill-natured; al
rascal is, that the shoes may f

Generosity of La

In the year 1787, there was
Boston, in consequence of wl
habitants were reduced to wa
Fayette, who was then in Fra
the calamity, immediately v

Samuel Breck, of Boston, expressing his sympathy for the sufferers, and directing him to draw a bill on him for 300 pounds sterling, to be applied towards their relief. The bill was accordingly drawn, and the money was received and applied according to his directions.

Mr. Breck's son still preserves this letter as a precious memorial of the philanthropy and *American feeling* of La Fayette.

This American feeling has indeed been manifested throughout his whole life. His only son bears the name of George Washington, and his two daughters are called Carolina and Virginia.

Pun upon Pun.

Strange, Moore, and Wright, three notorious punsters, were, on a certain occasion, dining together, when Moore observed, "There is but one knave among us, and that's *Strange*." "Oh no," said Wright, "there is one *Moore*." "Ay," said Strange, "that's *Wright*."

Charles Matthews.

Matthews being asked what he was going to do with his son, (the young man's profession was to be that of an architect,) "Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to *draw houses* like his father."

Making Free.

Some time ago, a member of Parliament applied to the post-office, to know why some of his franks had been *charged*. The answer was: "We supposed, sir, they were not of your writing; the *hand* is not the same." "Why, not *precisely* the same;



but the truth is, I happened to be *a little tipsy* when I wrote them." "Then, sir, will you, in future, be so good as to write '*drunk*' when you make *free?*"

John Hancock.

During the siege of Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock was the President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested from having all his estate in Boston. After he left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole in the following words: "It is true, sir, nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of our country require their being burnt to ashes—*issue the order for that purpose immediately*."

Historical Doubts.

An auctioneer, at a sale of antiquities, put up a helmet, with the following candid observation:—"This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman Founder; but whether he was a brass or iron founder, I cannot tell."

Stocks Law.

A wag, passing through a country town in the north, observed a fellow placed in the stocks.—"My

[redacted]

[illegible] Bank, of Boston, [illegible]
[illegible] the sufferers, and allowing him
him for 200 pounds sterling, to be
their relief. The bill was accordingly
the money was received and applied
his direction.

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Wright, "there is one Moore." "Ay,"
"that's *Wright*."

Charles Matthews.

Matthews being asked what he was
with his son, (the young man's profess
that of an architect,) "Why," answere
dian, "he is going to *draw* houses like

Making Free.

Some time ago, a member of Parlia
to the post-office, to know why some
had been *charged*. The answer was
posed, sir, they were not of your writin
is not the name?" "Why, not *precise*

upon the Spanish fleet, "Whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy?" "No," replied the latter, "it will be time enough to do that when we have made them strike!"

Posts and Railing.

Mr. Pitt was forming a park about Walmer Castle, thinking to inclose it with posts and rails. As he was one day calculating the expense, a gentleman stood by, and told him that he did not go the cheapest way to work. "Why?" said the premier. "Because," replied the gentleman, "if you will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*."

Superficial Knowledge.

A young man, in a large company, descanting very flippantly on a subject, his knowledge of which was evidently very superficial, the Duchess of Devonshire asked his name. "'Tis Scarlet," replied a gentleman who stood by. "That may be," said her grace, "and yet he is not *deep red*."

Dr. Spring of Watertown.

A man of property, residing in Charlestown, Mass., who had long been in habits of intemperance, at last found his health to be on the decline, and resolved to consult the celebrated Dr. Spring, of Watertown. He stated to him the symptoms of his case, which the learned Doctor could not but understand. "I can cure you," said he, "if you follow my advice;" which the patient implicitly promised to do. "Now," says the doctor, "you must steal a horse." "What! steal a horse?" "Yes—you must steal a horse. You will then be arrested, convicted, and placed in



a situation where your diet and regimen will be such, that in a short time your health will be perfectly restored."

"*I wish I could.*"

A gentleman, travelling in a long lane, where his horse could hardly get through the mire, met a peasant, of whom he inquired the way to a certain place. "Straight forward," said the man, "you cannot go out of your way." "Faith, I fear so," said the querist; "I wish I could!"

Lenthall, the Speaker.

In the time of the Long Parliament, Sandys, a gentleman of bold spirit, was examined before the House, when Lenthall, the Speaker, put some ridiculous and impertinent questions to him, asking, at last, what countryman he was? "Of Kent," said Sandys; "and pray, may I demand the same of you?" "I am out of the west," said Lenthall. "By my troth," replied Sandys, "so I thought, for all the wise men come out of the east."

Exhumation of the Regicides.

In the crowd which attended the exhumation of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, after the Restoration, some one exclaimed, "Who would have ever thought to see Cromwell hanged for high treason?" "Oh, sir," said another, "this is nothing strange: see," he added, pointing to Bradshaw, "there is a *president* for it."



Doctor Lathrop.

Doctor Lathrop was a man of ge
much opposed to the noisy zeal that
known of men."

A young divine, who was much
astic cant, one day said to him, "
you have any real religion?" "No
was the excellent reply.

Sir Isaac Newton.

Sir Isaac Newton was once ridin
Plain, when a boy keeping sheep
"Sir, you had better make haste on
a wet jacket." Newton, looking
serving neither clouds nor a speck
jogged on, taking very little notic
information. He had made but a
a storm, suddenly arising, drenched
Surprised at the circumstance, an
possible, to ascertain how an ignor
tained a precision of knowledge of
which the wisest philosophers wor
rode back, wet as he was. "My la
"I'll give thee a guinea if thou w
thou canst foretell the weather so t
sir? I will then;" and the boy, scr
and holding out his hand for the
sir," having received the money, an
sheep, "when you see that black
towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign o
hour." "What!" exclaimed the ph
I, in order to foretell the weather
watch which way that black ram
"Yes, sir." Off rode Newton, qui
his discovery.

Good Substitute for Law.

"I defy you," said a stubborn culprit to a justice during the Civil War; "there is no law now." "Then," said the justice gravely to his servants, "if there be no law, bring me a rope." The knave instantly knocked under.

Charles II.

Charles the Second laid it down as a rule, that in his convivial parties the *king was always absent.* Being one night in a select party of this kind, one of his courtiers, who had contributed a good deal to his mirth, ventured to ask him for a place. Charles, though he liked the man as a companion, was yet unwilling to break through a fixed rule; and he therefore quickly replied,—"You may depend upon it, I will speak to the king to-morrow about it."

General Washington's Motion.

In 1817, in a debate in the house of Delegates, on the bill relative to a map of Virginia, in which something was said of military roads, Mr. Mercer L. related and applied an anecdote of General Washington, which he had received from a member of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States. The subject of power to be given the new Congress, relative to a standing army, was on the tapis. A member made a motion that Congress should be restricted to a standing army not exceeding *five thousand* at any one time. Gen. Washington, who, being chairman, could not offer a motion, whispered to a member from Mary-



land, to amend the motion, by providing that no foreign enemy should invade the United States at any one time with more than *three thousand troops*.

Peter the Great.

A Russian officer, named Valensky, who had a command in the Persian expedition, had once been beaten by the Emperor Peter's order, mistaking him for another. "Well," said Peter, "I am sorry for it, but you will deserve it one day or other, and then remind me that you are in arrears with me;" which accordingly happened upon that very expedition, and he was excused.

Judge Jeffries.

Jeffries, examining an old fellow with a long beard, told him, he supposed he had a conscience quite as long as that natural ornament of his visage. "Does your lordship measure consciences by beards?" said the man; "that is strange, seeing you are yourself shaven."

Sheridan and the Westminster Voter.

As Mr. Sheridan was coming up to town in one of the public coaches, for the purpose of canvassing Westminster, at the time when Paull was his opponent, he found himself in company with two Westminster electors. In the course of the conversation, one of them asked the other to whom he meant to give his vote? When his friend replied, "To Paull, certainly; for though I think him but a shabby sort of fellow, I would vote for any one rather than that rascal Sheridan!"

"Do you know Sheridan?" asked the stranger.

"Not I, sir," answered the gentleman, "nor should I wish to know him."

The conversation dropped here; but when the party alighted to breakfast, Sheridan called aside the one gentleman, and said,—

"Pray, who is that very agreeable friend of yours? He is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with, and I should be glad to know his name?"

"His name is Mr. T———: he is an eminent lawyer, and resides in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Breakfast over, the party resumed their seats in the coach; soon after which, Sheridan turned the discourse to the law. "It is," said he, "a fine profession. Men may rise from it to the highest eminence in the state; and it gives vast scope to the display of talent: many of the most virtuous and noble characters recorded in our history have been lawyers. I am sorry, however, to add, that some of the greatest rascals have been lawyers; but of all the rascals of lawyers I ever heard of, the greatest is one Mr. T———, who lives in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"I am Mr. T———," said the gentleman.

"And I am Mr. Sheridan," was the reply.

The jest was instantly seen; they shook hands, and, instead of voting against the facetious orator, the lawyer exerted himself warmly in promoting his election.

Names alter Things.

A few years since, a tract of land belonging to North Carolina, was ceded to South Carolina. A young lady very *wisely* observed, "I am sorry father's plantation is in that tract; for every body says North Carolina is more healthy than South Carolina."



Buckingham and Sir Robert Viner.

The second Duke of Buckingham talking to Sir Robert Viner in a melancholy humour about his personal extravagance, "I am afraid, Sir Robert," he said, "I shall die a beggar at last—the most terrible thing in the world." "Upon my word, my lord," answered the mayor, "there is another thing more terrible which you have reason to apprehend, and that is, that you will *live a beggar* at the rate you go on."

A Bully.

A bully telling a gentleman, that in manhood and valour he came far behind him, "You are not far wrong," answered the other; "the last time I fought with you, you ran away so fast that I could not overtake you, run as I might."

The Bellows-Blower.

In a cathedral, one day, after service, the bellows-blower said to the organist, "I think we have done very well to-day." "*We!*" said the organist, in no small surprise at the impudence of his menial, "how can you pretend to have any merit in the performance? Never let me hear you say such a thing again." The man said nothing more at the time, but when they were next playing, he suddenly intermitted in his task of inflating the organ. The organist rose in wrath to order him to proceed, when the fellow, thrusting his head out from behind the curtain, asked slily, "shall it be *we*, then?"

Military Pride.

A farmer was elected to a corporalship in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantage which the family would derive from his exaltation, inquired in a doubting tone, "Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbours now?" One of the little urchins eagerly asked, "Are we not all corporals?" "Tut," said the mother, "hold your tongue; there is no one corporal, but your father and myself."

Lord Kenyon.

A friend having pointed out to Sheridan, that Lord Kenyon had fallen asleep at the first representation of Pizarro, and that, too, in the midst of Rolla's fine speech to the Peruvian soldiers, the dramatist felt rather mortified; but, instantly recovering his usual good humour, he said, "Ah, poor man! let him sleep: he thinks he is on the *bench*."

Benefit of Stammering.

A stammering Lord Deloraine, being in a cock-pit, and offering several bets, which he would have lost if he could have replied in time, at length offered ten pounds to a crown. A gambler, who stood by, said "Done;" but his lordship's fit of stuttering happening to seize him at that moment, he could not repeat the word "Done" till the favourite cock was beat. "Confound your stuttering tongue!" cried the *leg*, "if you could speak like other folk, you would be ruined."

A Match for Sheridan.

Sheridan sometimes met with his match, and that in quarters where it might have been least expected. He was one day endeavouring to *cut* a suit of new clothes out of a tailor's shop in the city. Flattery was the weapon he employed. "Upon my word," said he, "you are an excellent finisher; you beat our snips in the West End hollow. Why don't you push your thimble amongst us? I'll recommend you everywhere. Upon my honour, your work does you infinite credit." "Yes," replied the artist, "I always take care that my work gives *long credit*, but the wearers *ready money*."

Building Horses.

Not many years ago, a pair of miserable lean horses, that looked as though the next gust of wind would take them into the air, and who were already waiting to have their *understanding* secured by a few nails, attracted the attention of a wag, while passing by a blacksmith's shop. The fellow paused a moment, and examined these objects of anatomy, then stepped into the shop, and gravely accosted its occupant with "Do you build horses, sir?" "Build horses!" exclaimed the astonished son of Vulcan, taking off his paper cap and lengthening down his round good-natured face—"build horses, sir! what do you mean?" "Why," replied the wag, "I saw a couple of *frames* standing at the door, and I thought I'd just inquire."

Good Manners.

Dunning, the celebrated barrister, was addicted to *the low and* unpardonable vice of turning witnesses



into ridicule at their examinations One morning, he was telling Mr. Solicitor-General Lee that he had just bought a few *good manors* in Devonshire, near his native village of Ashburton. "I wish," said Lee, "you would bring some of them into Westminster Hall; for, upon my honour, you have most need of them there."

A Monarch in Fault.

About the time when Murphy so successfully attacked the stage-struck heroes in the pleasant farce of *The Apprentice*, an eminent poulterer went to a spouting-club in search of his servant, who, he understood, was that evening to make his debut in Lear; he entered the room at the moment when Dick was exclaiming, "I am the king—you cannot touch me for coining!" "No, you dog," cried the enraged master, catching the mad monarch by the collar; "but I can for not picking the ducks."

An East Indian Major Longbow.

An old East Indian, who had returned from Calcutta, with a large fortune and a liver complaint, had retired to his native place (Banffshire), and was availing himself, one evening, of the usual privilege of travellers to a very large extent. His Scotch friends listened to his *Major Longbows* with an air of perfect belief; till, at last, the worthy nabob happened to say, that in a particular part of India, it was usual to fatten horses upon the flesh of sheep's heads, reduced to a pulp, and mixed with rice. "Oh," exclaimed all his auditors with one voice, "Oh, that will never do. We can believe all the rest; but really, feeding horses upon sheep's heads is too bad." "Well, gentlemen," said the man of the East, "I

A boatman, while engaged in conveyin
the Onondago lake, a few years since, sav
gray eagle cutting his gyrations in the a
rently noticing some prey in the lake benea
moment he poised, and darted from his
into the water, from which he was unable
A continued flapping with his broad and
pinions kept him from being drawn un
proved that his diamond eyes had not mistak
object. He approached the land slowly, the
creature below acting as propellant and h
The boatman grew interested in the a
landed. The eagle, on touching terra firm
himself fastened to a fine salmon. Our h
ing it time to take his share of the plunde
self a stout cudgel, and approached th
bird of Jove; which, having his talons
unable to rise, advance, or recede. Three
the club raised to strike, but the noble
the regal bird, and his undaunted front
the boatman quail. He could not assaul
[illegible] exhibited no signs

Foote and the Earl of Kelly.

When the Earl of Kelly paid Foote a visit at his country villa, that celebrated wit took him into his garden, and, alluding to the beaming honours of his lordship's face, said, "Pray, my lord, look over the wall upon my cucumber bed; it has had no sun this year."

The Greatest Bore in London.

When Sir William Curtis returned from his voyage to Italy and Spain, he called to pay his respects to Mr. Canning, at Gloucester Lodge. Among other questions, Sir William said, "But, pray, Mr. Canning, what do you say to the tunnel under the Thames?" "Say," replied the secretary, "why, I say it will be the greatest *bore* London ever had, and that is saying a great deal."

Sheridan upon Regularity, with Notes by the Earl of Guilford.

Just about the time that Mr. Sheridan took his house in Saville Row, he happened to meet Lord Guilford in the street, to whom he mentioned his change of residence, and also announced a change in his habits. "Now, my dear lord, every thing is carried on in my house with the greatest regularity; every thing, in short, goes like clockwork." "Ah," replied Lord Guilford, "tick, tick, tick, I suppose."

A Compliment Quizzed.

A gentleman walking in the fields with a lady, picked a *blue bell*, and taking out his pencil, wrote



the following lines, which, with the flower, he presented to the lady.

> This pretty flower, of heavenly hue,
> Must surely be allied to you;
> For you, dear girl, are heavenly too.

To which the lady replied:—

> If, sir, your compliment be true,
> I'm sorry that *I look so blue*.

The Effects of no Government.

Colonel Barré, the celebrated friend of the rights of America in the British Parliament, in travelling through this country, some years previous to the revolution, paid a visit to the Governor of Connecticut, of whom he made inquiries respecting the constitution of the country. His Excellency informed him that, literally speaking, there was no government whatever; that as to his power, he was a mere cipher; that the legislature met only to wrangle and do nothing; in a word, it was a mere anarchy and confusion, whenever any active step was to be taken; and that, upon the whole, the people generally governed themselves, every man doing as he pleased. The conversation changed; and the colonel spoke of the face of the country; the improvements everywhere visible; and the universal appearance of plenty and happiness in the fields, dwellings, and clothing of the people. The governor assented, and said he believed there was hardly a country in the world that excelled it in all those particulars. Such, said the colonel, were the effects of the *no* government he had just expatiated upon.



Mr. Jekyll.

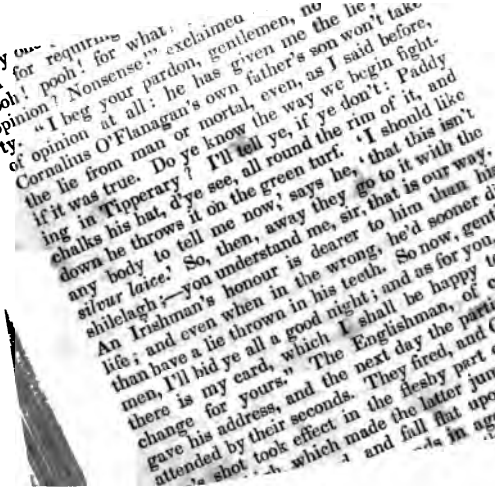
Mr. Jekyll being told that Mr. Raine the barrister was engaged as counsel for a Mr. Hay, inquired, if Raine was ever known to do good to Hay?

Anchovies and Capers.

A few years ago, an Irish officer, who belonged to a regiment in garrison at Malta, returned to England on leave of absence; and, according to the custom of travellers, was fond of relating the wonders he had seen. Among other things, he one day, in a public coffee-room, expatiated on the excellency of living in general among the military. "But," said he, "as for the *Anchovies*—by the powers, there is nothing to be seen like them in the known world!" "Why, that is a bold assertion," said a gentleman present; "for I think England can boast of that article in as great perfection as any country, if not greater." "My dear sir," replied the Irishman, "you'll pardon me for saying that your opinion is founded on sheer ignorance of the fact;—excuse my plain speaking; but you'd soon be of my way of thinking, if you saw the fruit growing so beautiful and large, as I have seen it many's the day." "Well done, Pat," exclaimed his opponent; "the fruit growing so beautiful and large!—on a tree, I suppose? Come, you won't beat that, however." "Do you doubt the word of a gentleman, sir?" retorted the officer. "I doubt the *fact*, sir," answered the gentleman. "Then, by the powers! you only display your own want of understanding, by so doing: and I take it very uncivil of you; for I've seen the anchovies grow upon the trees with my own eyes, many's the hundred times; and beautiful

all my brother ...
time, were they here to the fore, ...
"Upon my soul," returned his opponent, laughi
heartily, "you out-Mandeville even Sir John himse
—and he was no flincher at a fib. He it was, I b
lieve, who asserted that *oysters* grew upon trees
the Malabar coast; but you give us *anchovies rea*
pickled, from the same source! Huzza for Sai
Patrick!—the days of miracles have returned
"Then, sir," returned the Irishman, bridling wi
anger, "am I to understand that you doubt m
word?" "You may understand, sir, what y
please; but, though the license of travellers
generally allowed to be pretty extensive, you m
not suppose that any gentleman in this compan
to be crammed with an absurdity so palpable, as
of anchovies growing upon trees." "As much
may, sir, in plain terms, that I have told you a
—say the word, sir, and I am satisfied. I'm
quarrelsome, sir, but, by my sowl! only say
and you had better been born without a shoe to
foot, or a shirt to your back." "Neither you
...ed the gentleman, "nor any other man,
... I believe that

gentlemen, upon my honour and conscience! as I have a sowl to be saved, and to escape the pains of purgatory, I swear by all the saints in the calendar, that I would scorn to tell a falsehood to man or mortal. These very eyes have, on ten thousand different occasions, seen the anchovies, as plump as gooseberries, growing on, and plucked from, the trees in his majesty's island and fortress of Malta. In the second place——" "Impossible!" exclaimed his pertinacious opponent; "I tell you to your face, and before these gentlemen, that you never saw any such thing." "The lie direct!—By the rod of St. Patrick! it is more than a Christian officer can bear; —but I'll keep myself cool for the honour of the corps; and I'd advise you, sir, if you can't be aisy, that you'd better be as aisy as you can; for if you spaik such another disrespectful and injurious word, I'll not call you out at all; but, by the powers! I'll smite your eye out on the spot, and plaster the walls with your blood!—so you had better take care of yourself, and not be cantankerous, my dear honey.— But to return to my argument, sir, which you have so uncivilly interrupted,—I was going to observe, in the second place, to yourself, that it is a rule in the army, and more particularly in the honourable corps to which I belong, that no gentleman shall presume to doubt the word of another, unless he can positively prove that he is wrong; and that too on the spot. Therefore, sir, even suppose I had tould you a lie, you have no right, by the laws of honour, to challenge me with it; because you never were at Malta at all, and of course could not see the thing with your own eyes. But, sir, by way of conclusion to my discourse, I have to remark to ye that you have not only insulted an officer and a gentleman, but an Irishman; therefore I trust that



yer pardon in this world and the next; for I made a mistake;—it was *capers* that I saw growing upon the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all!" The wounded man, smiling at this ludicrous explanation and apology, said, "My good fellow, I wish you had thought of that a little sooner. I don't think you have quite killed me, but I hope you will remember the difference between anchovies and capers as long as you live."

Anti-Climax.

Mr. ——, the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Dublin, who was more remarkable for the clearness of his intellect than the purity of his eloquence, adverted in one of his lectures to the celebrated Dr. Boyle, of whose talents he spoke with the highest veneration: he thus concluded his eulogy:—"He was a great man; he was the *father* of chemistry, gentlemen, and *brother* of the Earl of Cork."

Titles.

Several years ago there was a young English nobleman figuring away at Washington. He had not much brains, but a vast number of titles, which, notwithstanding our pretended dislike to them, have sometimes the effect of tickling the ear amazingly. Several young ladies were in debate, going over the list—he is Lord Viscount so and so, Baron of such a county, &c. "My fair friends," exclaimed the gallant Lieut. N. "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten." "Ah," exclaimed they eagerly, "what is that?" "He is *Barren of Intellect*," was the reply.

Mr. Fox's Estimate of the French Character.

In one of the latter days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. "The Frenchman," it was observed, "delights himself with the present; the Englishman makes himself anxious about the future. Is not the Frenchman the wiser?" "He may be the merrier," said Fox; "but did you ever hear of a savage who did not buy a mirror in preference to a telescope?"

Upright Judge.

Judge Richardson, in going the western Circuit, had a great stone thrown at him, which, as he happened to stoop at the moment, passed clear over his head. "You see," he said to his friends who congratulated him on his escape, "you see, if I had been an upright judge, I had been slain."

Kites.

Boys fly kites for recreation, and men for other motives; the first require the wind to raise the kite, the second the kite to raise the wind.

"Do you Smoke, Sir?"

"Do you smoke, sir?" said a London sharper to a country gentleman, whom he met with in a coffee-house, and with whom he wished to scrape acquaintance. "Yes," said the other, with a cool steady eye, "any one who has a design upon me."



Dr. Franklin on Confederation.

The confederation of the states, while on the carpet before the old congress, was strenuously opposed by the smaller states, under the apprehension that they would be swallowed up by the larger ones. They were long engaged in the discussion; it produced great heats, much ill-humour and intemperate declarations from some members. Dr. Franklin at length brought the debate to a close with one of his little apologues. He observed that "at the time of the union of England and Scotland, the Duke of Argyle was most violently opposed to that measure, and among other things predicted, that as the whale had swallowed Jonah, so Scotland would be swallowed by England. However (said the doctor), when Lord Bute came into the government, he soon brought into its administration so many of his countrymen, that it was found in the event that Jonah swallowed the whale." This little story produced a general laugh, restored good-humour, and the article of difficulty was passed.

Promising Candidate.

A young clergyman, who possessed every requisite for the pulpit but a good voice, having occasion to preach a probation sermon for a lectureship, a friend congratulated him, as he descended from the pulpit, observing, that "he would certainly carry the election: he had nobody's voice against him but his own."

A Friend in Need.

A person, being arrested for a large sum of money, sent to an acquaintance, who had often pro-

fessed a great friendship for him, to beg he would bail him. The other sent back a note, to the effect that he had promised never to be bail for any body. "I will tell you, however, what you may do," added he; "you may get somebody else, if you can."

Singular Stakes.

A lady, who loved gaming very much, and who, at the same time, was very covetous, falling sick in the country, in a village where her estate lay, sent for the curate, and proposed play to him. The curate, being also fond of gaming, accepted the proposition with joy. They played, and the curate lost. After having won all his money, she proposed to him to play for the parson's fees at her burial, in case she died. They played; and he lost. She obliged him to give a note for the sum at which interments then stood; and dying eight or ten days after, the curate withdrew his note by the interment.

Precedency.

Two little girls of the city of Norwich, one the daughter of a wealthy brewer, the other the daughter of a gentleman of a small fortune, disputing for precedency,—"You are to consider, miss," said the brewer's daughter, "that *my papa* keeps a coach." "Very true, miss," said the other, "and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray."

Three ladies meeting at a visit, a grocer's wife, a cheese-monger's, and a tobacconist's, who perhaps stood more upon the punctilios of precedence than some of their betters would have done at the court-end of the town; when they had risen up, and taken *their leave*, the cheese-monger's wife was going out



of the room first; upon which the grocer's lady, pulling her back by the skirt of her gown, and stepping before her, "No, madam," says she, "nothing comes after cheese." "I beg your pardon, madam," replies the cheese-monger's wife, pulling the tobacconist's lady back, who was also stepping before her, "after cheese comes tobacco."

Soldier and the Indian.

A soldier in the American army, belonging to Weston, N. Y. about the time Gen. Brock was killed in battle, was on a scouting party one day. Being a man of courage, enterprise, and sagacity, he was determined, if possible, to obtain an accurate knowledge of the position of the enemy. For this purpose he ventured to separate from his companions. In the course of his reconnoitring alone, in the open field, he approached a wood, the underbrush of which was very thick. His watchful eye discovered what he supposed to be some animal among the bushes. He immediately saw his mistake—it was an Indian crawling on his hands and feet, with his rifle in his hand, and watching the soldier, evidently with the intention of advancing sufficiently near to make him a sure mark. For the soldier to retreat was now impossible; he thought he could not escape, and he remembered too, that his father had told him never to return with a *backside wound.* He pretended not to see the Indian, and walked slowly towards him, with his gun cocked by his side, carefully observing all his movements. They approached nearer and nearer; at length he saw the Indian bringing the gun to his shoulder—at that instant the soldier fell to the ground—the ball whistled in deadly music over his head. The soldier lay u



tionless. The Indian uttered the dreadful yell which signifies the death of an enemy, and, drawing the bloody scalping-knife (but forgetting to reload his piece), advanced with hasty strides, thirsting for murder, and anticipating the reward for the scalp. The soldier, motionless, permitted him to approach within ten paces, he then with the utmost composure sprung upon his feet. The savage stood aghast! The soldier, with deliberate aim, put two balls directly through his heart. A hoarse groan was the only sound that issued from the fallen savage. This son of the forest was at least six feet five inches in height. The soldier took the Indian's rifle, returned to the camp, and sold it for twenty-five dollars.

Lord Richardson and the Carman.

Lord Richardson, riding abroad in his coach to take the air, and passing by a carman whose horses were of unequal fatness, called out, "Sirrah, sirrah, resolve me one question: why is your foremost horse so lusty and pampered, and the rest such lean jades?" The carman, not knowing the judge, but deeming him a lawyer, from his habit, answered, "Whoy, the reason is plain enough; my fore horse is the counsellor, and all the rest his clients."

Cure for Love.

When Mrs. Rogers, the actress, was young and handsome, Lord North and Grey used to dangle after her; and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded, in the posture of a desponding lover, he asked her, with a sigh, "What is a cure for love?" "Your lordship," said she, "the best in the world."



My own Steward.

"I cannot conceive," said one English nobleman to another, "how it is that you manage. I am convinced you are not of a temper to spend more than your income; and yet, though your estate is less than mine, I could not afford to live at the rate that you do." "My Lord," said the other, "I have a place." "A place! you amaze me. I never heard of it till now. Pray, what place?" "*I am my own steward.*"

Indian Reply.

A chief of the Creek Indians, having been appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with the citizens of South Carolina, and having met the proper authorities for that purpose, was desired by the governor to speak his mind freely and without reserve; for, as he was among his friends, he need not be "afraid." "I will," said he, "speak freely; I will not be *afraid*. Why should I be *afraid* among my friends, who am never *afraid* among my enemies?"

A Pot I Carry.

A fat apothecary, having got drunk at a tavern in Fleet Street, was sent home by his companions in a porter's basket. When the man came to Temple Bar, he was asked by the keeper within what was his business. "A thing of great weight," was the answer. After being admitted, he was asked what was in his basket. "A pot I carry," replied the porter.

Grosvenor House.

When Grosvenor House, Millbank, was the
treme house on one of the ways leading out of
don, somebody asked another, in passing, "
lived in it?" "Lord Grosvenor," was the reply.
do not know what estate his lordship has," said
querist; "but he ought to have a good one; for
body lives beyond him in the whole town."

Professional Obliquity of Understanding.

A gentleman, passing a woman who was skin
eels, and observing the torture of the poor ani
asked her, how she could have the heart to put
to such pain. "Lord, sir," she replied, "the
used to it."

A fishmonger of famous London town was t
a neighbour that he intended to take a trip to
gate, where he should spend some time. "
will you bathe?" inquired the other. "O,
no!" answered the worthy citizen; "the
would know me." Let Ireland match this, if it

Wit in the Gallery.

Soon after the accession of George III., a
ditional tax was laid on beer, to the great disco
of the populace. His majesty was one night at
ing the theatre, when a fellow in the upper g
called to another to come and drink with hi
he had got a full pot. "What did you give for
full pot?" inquired the invited person. "T
pence-halfpenny." "Threepence-halfpenny!



where did you send for it?" "To George the Third." "You fool," said the other, "why did you not send to George the Second? you would have had it there for threepence."

Female Intrepidity.

When the war of extermination between the Indians and Kentuckians was at its height, those who inhabited the back parts of the state of Kentucky, were obliged to have their houses built very strong, with loop-holes all around, and doors always fastened, so as to repel any attack from the Indians. While the owner of one of these domestic fortresses was with his slaves, at work on the plantation, a negro, who was posted near the house, saw approaching a party of Indians. He immediately ran to the house, and the foremost Indian after him. The Indian was the fleetest, and as the door opened to admit the negro, they both jumped in together. The other Indians being some distance behind, the door was instantly closed by the planter's wife within, when the Indian and negro grappled. Long and hard was the struggle, for as in the case of Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, the one was the strongest and the other more expert, but strength this time was the victor, for they fell, the Indian below; when the negro, placing his knees on his breast, and holding his hands, kept him in that position, until the woman, seizing a broad ax, and taking the Indian by his long hair, at one blow severed his head from his body. The negro, then seizing the guns, fired them at the other Indians, which, as fast as discharged, were loaded again by the planter's wife, until the party from the field, hearing the firing, arrived, and the Indians took to flight.

Favor and Sodorini.

Soon after M. Favor was appointed first ballet-master of the Opera (towards the conclusion of the last century), Signor Sodorini, another performer there, came one day upon the stage, after the rehearsal, and said to him: "Allow me, my dear sir, to introduce myself to you. You are the dearest friend I have on earth. Let me thank you a thousand times for the happiness you have conferred upon me by coming amongst us. Command me in any way; for, whatever I do for you, I can never sufficiently repay you." The ballet-master, who had never seen or heard of Sodorini before, was astounded. At last, he said, "Pray, sir, to what peculiar piece of good fortune may I attribute the compliments and professions with which you favour me." "To your unparalleled uglincss, my dear sir," replied Sodorini; "for before your arrival, I was considered the ugliest man in Great Britain." The ballet-master, strange to say, took this joke in good part; and the two were ever after warm friends.

Negro Wit.

A gentleman driving on the road between Little River and Brighton, was overtaken by a negro boy on a mule, who attempted for a long while, without success, to make the animal pass the carriage. At length the boy exclaimed to his beast, "I'll bet you one fippenny I make you to pass this time;" and, after a short pause, again said, "You bet? very well." The boy repeated the blows with renewed vigour, and at last succeeded in making him pass; when the gentleman who overheard the conversation between Quashee and his steed, said to him, "Well,

my boy, now you have won, how are you going to make the mule pay you?" "Oh, sir," says the negro, "me make him pay me very well; massa give me one tenpenny for buy him grass, and me only buy him a fippenny worth!"

Whitfield.

The Rev. George Whitfield, a clergyman of the church of England, first arrived in this country in the year 1738. He landed in Savannah, Georgia, and laid the foundation of an orphan-house, a few miles from Savannah, and afterwards finished it at great expense. He returned to England the same year. In the following year he returned to America, and landed at Philadelphia, and began to preach in different churches. In this and in his subsequent visits to America, he visited most of the principal places in the Colonies. Immense numbers of people flocked to hear him wherever he preached

The effects produced in Philadelphia and other places, were truly astonishing. Numbers of almost all religious denominations, and many who had no connexion with any denomination, were brought to inquire with the utmost eagerness, what they should do to be saved. Such was the eagerness of the multitude in Philadelphia to listen to spiritual instruction, that there was public worship regularly twice a day for a year; and on the Lord's day, it was celebrated three or four times.

During his visit to Philadelphia, he preached frequently after night, from the gallery of the court-house in Market-street. So loud was his voice at that time, that it was distinctly heard on the Jersey shore, and so distinct was his speech, that every word he said was understood on board a shallop, at

Market-street wharf, a distance of upwards of 400 feet from the court-house. All the intermediate space was crowded with his hearers. He was truly remarkable for his uncommon eloquence and fervent zeal. His eloquence was indeed very great, and of the truest kind. He was utterly devoid of all affectation. The importance of his subject, and the regard due to his hearers, engrossed all his concern. Every accent of his voice spoke to the ear, every feature of his face, every motion of his hands, and every gesture, spoke to the eye; so that the most dissipated and thoughtless found their attention arrested, and the dullest and most ignorant could not but understand. He appeared to be devoid of the spirit of sectarianism; his only object seemed to be to preach Christ, and him crucified.

The following anecdote respecting his manner of preaching will serve to illustrate this part of his character. One day, while preaching from the balcony of the court-house, in Philadelphia, he cried out, "Father Abraham, whom have you got in heaven; any *Episcopalians?*" "No!" "Any *Presbyterians?*" "No!" "Any *Baptists?*" "No!" "Have you any *Methodists* there?" "No!" "Have you any *Independents* or *Seceders?*" "No! No!" "Why, whom have you then?" "We don't know those names here; all that are here are *Christians*—believers in Christ—men who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony!" "O, is this the case? then God help me, God help us all to forget party names, and to become Christians indeed and in truth."

Mr. Whitfield died in Newburyport, Mass. on the 30th of September, 1770, in the fifty-sixth year of *his age*, on his seventeenth visit to America—having *been in the* ministry thirty-four years.



Sheridan and Monk Lewis.

Sheridan never gave Lewis any of the profits of the Castle Spectre. One day, Lewis, being in company with him, said, "Sheridan, I will make you a large bet." Sheridan, who was always ready to make a wager (however he might find it inconvenient to pay it, if lost), asked eagerly, "What bet?" "All the profits of my Castle Spectre," replied Lewis. "I will tell you what," said Sheridan (who never found his match at repartee), "I will make you a very small one—what it is worth."

Name Recollected.

At a dinner party one day, somebody talked of a rich rector in Worcestershire, whose name he could not recollect, but who had not preached for the last twelve months, as he every Sunday requested one of the neighbouring clergy to officiate for him." "Oh!" replied a gentleman present, "though you cannot recollect his name, I can—it is in England —England expects every man to do his duty."

Bon-Mot of Sir William Curtis.

A coach proprietor complained to Sir William Curtis that he suspected his guard of robbing him, and asked what he should do? "*Prenez-garde*," said Sir William.

Consumptive Appetite.

Doctor Thomson was called in to attend a gentleman who persuaded himself that he was, to use a popular expression, 'dying by inches.' The doctor

ght the invalid at dinner, and having seen hi molish some soup, a slice of salmon, two cuts ine of mutton, and half a partridge, inquir hat other symptoms of disease he felt. "No rticularly, sir," said the invalid, "only eve hing about me tends to convince me that I am co umptive." "Your appetite is, at all events, sir said the doctor, and walked off.

Commodore Tucker.

I remember well, says an American writer, hea ing this venerable man relate his receiving his fi commission in our navy. He was at Marblehea soon after his return from England, and at the tir Washington was at Cambridge. Tucker, then young man, was cutting wood before his mothe door, when a gaily dressed officer rode down t street. It was in the dark of the evening, and t officer, seeing Tucker thus employed, rode up him and asked him if he could inform him whe the *honourable* Samuel Tucker resided. Tuck astonished, answered him in the negative, sayin "There is no other Sam Tucker in this town th myself." Immediately on hearing this, the offic raised his beaver, and, bowing low, presented hi his commission in the navy.

Fireworks.

The Fireworks for the peace of Ryswick we made by a colonel in the army, and were much a mired. This gentleman one day commending Pu cel's epitaph, 'He is gone to that place where on his harmony can be exceeded,'—"Why," said



lady present, "that epitaph will serve for you, w a very small alteration: there is nothing to do, to change the word *harmony* for *fireworks*."

Where Hurt.

A gentleman who was relating an accident had met with from a fall, was asked by a surge if it was near the *vertebræ* that he had been hu "No, sir," was the reply, "it was near the Obser tory."

Bon-Mot on a Tea-Urn.

Lady S——r was complaining one morning breakfast, that the tea was very bad, and said was quite sure the water didn't boil; "Nay," s she, "the urn didn't even hiss when it was brou in." "No," said Sir W. E. "it was *tacit-urn*."

Despondency of Lord Cornwallis.

After the capture of Lord Cornwallis, at Yc town, he was one day standing in the presence General Washington, with his head uncover His excellency politely said to him, "My Lord, had better be covered from the cold." His Lo ship applying his hand to his head, replied, "It n ters not, sir, what becomes of this head now."

Curious Fact.

In the great catalogue of the British Muse Library, many of the books are classed accord to the subjects of which they treat. Against head "Rebellion," there appears this notice (or "*Vide* Hibernia."



Advantage of Buttons on Lutestring.

Sir Baptist Hickes was telling how his gold buttons were cut off in a crowd, and he never the wiser, though the poorer. Sir Edmund Bacon asked him, if they were not strung upon lutestring? "No," answered he. "Oh, fie!" said Sir Edmund, "that was the cause it was not discovered; for, if they had been strung upon lutestring, as soon as it was cut it would have cried *twang*."

William III. and Sergeant Maynard.

When the public bodies at London paid their court to the Prince of Orange, on his arrival in the ever-memorable 1688, Sergeant Maynard, a man near ninety years of age, headed the deputation of lawyers. William, remarking his great age, expressed a supposition that he must have outlived all the men of law of his time. "Why," said Maynard, with wit admirably suited to the crisis, "I was like to have outlived the law itself, if your Royal Highness had not come over."

Red Jacket.

It happened during the Revolutionary war, that a treaty was held with the Indians, at which La Fayette was present. The object was to unite the various tribes in amity with America. The majority of the Chiefs were friendly, but there was much opposition made to it, more especially by a young warrior, who declared that when an alliance was entered into with America, he should consider the sun of his country as set forever. In his travels through the Indian country, when lately in America,

it happened at a large assemblage of Chiefs, that La Fayette referred to the treaty in question, and turning to Red Jacket, said, "Pray, tell me, if you can, what has become of that daring youth who so decidedly opposed all our propositions for peace and amity? Does he still live—and what is his condition?" "I, myself, am the man," replied Red Jacket, "the decided enemy of the Americans, as long as the hope of opposing them with success remained, but now their true and faithful ally until death."

Two Reasons against the Pretender.

A staunch Whig of the old school, disputing with a Jacobite, said he had two reasons for being against the interest of the Pretender. "What are those?" inquired the Tory. "The first is, that he is an impostor, and not really King James's son." "Why, that," said the Jacobite, "is a good reason, if it could be proved; but, pray, what is the other?" "That he *is* King James's son," replied the Whig.

Dr. Butler.

Dr. Butler was a man of peculiar manners. Being sent for to a lady's house, the lady desired a servant to ask what he would have for supper? "A roasted horse," said the doctor. The man stared, and vanished; but, turning upon the stairs, soon reappeared, and said to the reverend divine, "Sir, will you please to have a pudding in his belly?" Butler, laughing, said, "Thou hast a pudding of wit in thy head, and I like thee well. But why ask me what I choose for supper? I came here to give advice, and not to eat. I shall eat as the rest,"



A True Knowledge of Puffing.

Some years ago, a gentleman at Windsor took the place of the organist, with a view to show his superiority in execution. Among other pieces, he was playing one of Dr. Blow's anthems; but, just as he had finished the verse part, and begun the full chorus, the organ ceased. On this, he called to Dick, the bellows-blower, to know what was the matter. "The matter?" says Dick, "I have played the anthem below." "Ay," says the other, "but I have not played it above." "No matter," quoth Dick, "you might have made more haste, then; I know how many puffs go to one of Dr. Blow's anthems, as well as you do: I have not played the organ so many years for nothing."

General Isaac Huger.

An officer calling out to him, "General Huger, I plainly see one of the enemy's riflemen taking deliberate aim to destroy you." "That is no concern of mine," said the General. "If you think proper, order one of your men to take the fellow off." "Dodge, or change your position," rejoined the officer, "or you are a dead man." "I will neither dodge nor quit my post," replied the General, "be the consequence what it may."

West Indian Bees.

A travelled man was descanting one day upon what he had seen in his peregrinations. He was particularly impressive on the largeness to which common reptiles and insects grew in tropical climates. "In the West Indies," said he, "bees are

about the size of our sheep." "And how large may the bee-hives be?" inquired one of the company. "Oh, about the ordinary size," said the traveller, without thinking of the exaggerated size he had just ascribed to the tenants of these receptacles. "Then," said the inquirer, "how do the bees get into the hives?" "Oh," replied the detected Munchausen, "let the bees look to that!"

Tory Fireworks.

A Whig, of the same stamp with Tom Burnet, being asked what he thought of the fireworks which celebrated the peace of Utrecht (a peace concluded by the Tory ministry much against the wishes of the opposition), "I think," said he, "they were a burning shame."

Cawdor and Corder.

The tragedy of Macbeth was acted at a town in Suffolk, and amongst the audience was a man who had been nearly fifty miles, in the course of the day, to see Corder, the memorable murderer, hanged at Bury. Such was the belief entertained to the last, in some parts of the country, that the extreme penalty of the law would not be inflicted, that the man who had seen him die was pestered on all sides for an account of the melancholy spectacle. At last he actually betook himself to the theatre, to avoid farther importunities. Just as he entered, the fourth scene of the tragedy was commencing, and he was quietly sitting himself down in a box near the stage, when Duncan began, in the words of the author,—

"Is execution done on Cawdor?"



"Yes, sir," said the man, "I saw him hanged this morning,—and that's the last time I'll answer any more questions about it." The audience was convulsed with laughter at the strange mistake, and it was some time before the performance could be proceeded with.

Count Rumford.

Sir Benjamin Thomson, Count of Rumford, was born in the town of Rumford, province of Massachusetts. During the American war, he commanded a regiment of dragoons, and signalized himself in the service of Great Britain. When the war terminated, he obtained leave to travel on the continent, where he hoped to find an opportunity of serving as a volunteer in the Austrian army against the Turks. During his travels he met the wife of General de Berghausen, a woman of great sense and knowledge, who "cured him of his martial folly, and gave a new turn to his ideas, by presenting in perspective, another species of glory than that of conquering in battles." In 1784, Mr. Thomson entered the service of the Elector of Bavaria. Madame Berghausen had awakened a philanthropic spirit within him, and he spent four years in gaining the political and statistical knowledge necessary for improving the condition of the poor. He founded a House of Industry at Manheim, and that noble establishment, the House of Industry at Munich. The estimation in which his numerous and important services were held by the Elector, may be estimated by the marks of honour conferred upon him by his serene highness. He was created count of Rumford, knight of the orders of the White Eagle and of St. *Stanislaus.* He was appointed chamberlain, privy

counsellor of state, lieutenant general, colonel of artillery, and Commander-in-chief of the general staff in the army. The inhabitants of Munich also testified their gratitude, by erecting a splendid monument to commemorate the good he had achieved in Bavaria.

Prime Ministers.

A person, speaking of the remarkably short lives of prime ministers, said, "that almost as soon as they're *primed* they *go off*."

Queen Anne's Batch of New Peers.

The peace of Utrecht sticking in the House of Lords, Queen Anne, or rather her prime minister, the Earl of Oxford, found it politically necessary to create a majority, by calling up twelve commoners to the House of Peers. The celebrated Duke of Wharton, who was in the opposition, took care to be in the House the day of their introduction, and, as they passed by him, very deliberately counted out aloud, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve: well, gentlemen of the jury, who shall speak for you?"

The same nobleman, soon after, meeting the Earl of Oxford, addressed him with,—"So, Robin, I find what you lost by tricks, you have gained by honours."

Very Little of its Age.

Foote being at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, which, after magnifying its



good qualities, and, in particular, its *age*, he sent round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble-full. "Fine wine, upon my soul," says the wit, tasting, and smacking his lips. "Is it not very curious?" says his lordship. "Perfectly so, indeed," says the other; "I do not remember to have seen any thing so little of its age in my life before."

Counsellor C——.

Counsellor C—— being chosen a friendly arbitrator between two near relations, one of whom had a very deservedly bad character, it happened, in the warmth of stating their grievances, the one gave the other the lie. "Lie, sir!" says the man with the bad character; "know, that is amongst the actions of my life I *dare* not do." "My dear friend," says the counsellor, "do not be in a passion: upon my soul, you have too mean an opinion of your own courage."

Joseph Lancaster.

When Mr. Joseph Lancaster had finished his lecture, from the chair of the house of representatives in the United States, Mr. Clay, the speaker, complimented him, saying, that the chair had never before been filled so well. Mr. Lancaster very modestly replied, that man, in his purest aspect, was but a very humble instrument in the hands of a higher Power; the chair he had just filled, exalted as it was, had not been filled with anything *better than Clay*.

Quin.

Quin one day complaining of his old age and infirmities, in the public rooms at Bath, a pert young

coxcomb asked him, "What would he give to be as young as he was?" "I do not know," says Quin, measuring him very contemptuously, "but I should be almost content to be as foolish."

Mess-room Gossip.

The late Duke of York once remarked to Colonel W. at the mess of the 11th regiment, that the colonel was uncommonly bald, and, although a younger man than his royal highness, he stood more in need of a wig. The colonel, who had been of very long standing in the service, and whose promotion had been by no means rapid, informed his royal highness, that his baldness could be very easily accounted for. "In what manner?" asked his royal highness, rather eagerly. To which Colonel W. replied, "By junior officers stepping over my head." The duke was so pleased with the reply, that the gallant colonel obtained promotion in a few days afterwards.

Beau Brummel.

When Brummel was the great oracle on coats, the Duke of Leinster was very anxious to bespeak the approbation of the 'Emperor of the Dandies,' for a 'cut' which he had just patronized. The Duke, in the course of his eulogy on his Schneider, had frequently occasion to use the words 'my coat.' "Your coat, my dear fellow!" said Brummel, "what coat?" "Why this coat," said Leinster; "this coat that I have on." Brummel, after regarding the vestment with an air of infinite scorn, walked up to the duke, and taking the collar between his finger and thumb, as if fearful of contamination, said, "What! duke, do you call that thing a coat?"

eral Stark.

ennington, when the armies
amence the engagement, the
um addressed a speech to his
hem to contend valiantly with
their white frocks, were in view
esenting them as the owners of
d fight hard to defend it. General
his men in the following laconic
ord of which indicates the deter-
of this hardy American—"My boys!
red coats yonder! They must fall
s in fifteen minutes, or—Molly Stark

Counsellor C——.

or C—— being very infirm and goutified
excesses, meeting one day with an old
his, a permit officer of the custom-house,
asked how he did? "Ah!" says the coun-
you will not have me long amongst you."
come," says the other, "do not be cast
you shall not have a permit to die yet
:" "Shall not I indeed?" says the counsel-
why, then, I would have you keep a sharp
out for Death; for, if you don't, I am afraid he
smuggle me."

The Wharfingers.

A bill was brought into the House of Assem
f Jamaica, for regulating wharfingers. Mr.
Phipps, a distinguished member, said, "Mr. Spe
I very much approve the bill. The wharfinge
a set of knaves. *I was one myself for ten ye*

Ludicrous Mistake.

When Mrs. Mary Robinson published her Sappho and Phaon, she wrote to Mr. Boaden, then editor of a newspaper, in the following terms:—"Mrs. Robinson would thank her friend Boaden for a dozen puffs for Sappho and Phaon." By mistake of the twopenny post, this note was delivered to Mr. Bowden, the pastry-cook, in the Strand, who sent this answer;—"Mr. Bowden's respectful compliments to Mrs. Robinson; shall be very happy to serve her; but, as Mrs. R. is not a constant customer, he cannot send the puffs for the young folks without first receiving the money."

Punning Flattery.

One day, when Sir Isaac Heard was in company with George III., it was announced that his majesty's horse was ready for hunting. "Sir Isaac," said the king, "are you a judge of horses?" "In my younger days, please your majesty, I was a great deal among them," was the reply. "What do you think of this, then?" said the king, who was by this time preparing to mount his favourite; and, without waiting for an answer, added, "we call him *Perfection*." "A most appropriate name," replied the courtly herald bowing as his majesty reached the saddle; "for he bears the best of characters."

If You can, I cannot.

An American gentleman, who was so passionately fond of backgammon, that even to be a spectator of it much interested him, happened to be surveying a game in which one of the players showed an evident inferiority to the other. As the game pre-

ceeded, he was wrought up to a pitch of perfe
at the bad play of this individual, who, on th
hand, maintained, under all his reverses, a c
perfectly admirable. "Can you bear that?"
the American at every hit made by the good
"Why not?" said the other, with perfect indiffi
At last, on the good player gaining an advant
a particularly brilliant nature, "Can you reall
that?" exclaimed the American. "Why
drawled out the loser, with his usual phil
coolness. "Well," cried the American, "if yo
I cannot;" and seizing the board, he thre
whole, dice, men, and every thing, into the fi

Militia Fine.

At the close of a militia training in the co
the officers had a custom to assemble in the t
look over the business of the day, and dire
clerk on the subject of collecting fines. I
town of L——, on such an occasion, it was
ered that several absentees had various ex
which, if offered, would be deemed sufficien
the officers, not having the *militia law* at hand
in doubt as to the time allowed for the purp
offering excuses. A young soldier, who had li
to the subject, and discovered the uncertainty
officers as to the above point, remarked that h
that they could not fine a man for *non-existe*
he *executed* himself within eight days.

Good Exchange.

Garrick having remarked at the Beef-Steak
that he had so large a mass of manuscript
submitted to his perusal, that they were con
liable to be mislaid, he observed, that, unpleas



it was to reject an author's piece, it was an affront to the poor devil's feelings if it could not be instantly found; and that, for this reason, he made a point of ticketing and labelling the play that was to be returned, that it might be forthcoming at a moment's notice. "A fig for your hypocrisy!" exclaimed Murphy, across the table: "you know, Davy, you mislaid my tragedy two months ago, and I make no doubt you have lost it." "Yes," replied Garrick; "but you forget, you ungrateful dog, that I offered you more than its value; for you might have had two manuscript farces in its stead."

A Complication of Disorders.

"What did Mr. ——— die of?" asked a simple neighbour. "Of a complication of disorders," replied his friend. "How do you describe this complication, my good sir?" "He died," answered the other, "of two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon!"

Stake versus Steak.

On one occasion, Garrick dined in the beef-steak room at Covent Garden, ready dressed in character for the part of Ranger, which he was to perform the same night at the other theatre. Ranger appears in the opening of the comedy; and as the curtain was not drawn up at the usual time, the audience began to manifest considerable impatience, for Garrick had not yet arrived. A call-boy was instantly dispatched for him, but he was unfortunately retarded by a line of carriages that blocked up the whole of Russel Street, which it was necessary for him to cross. This protracted still further the commencement of the piece; and the house evinced

considerable dissatisfaction, with the cries of "Manager, manager!" When Garrick at length reached the green-room, he found Dr. Ford, one of the patentees, pacing backwards and forwards in great agitation. The moment the doctor saw him, he addressed him in a strong tone of rebuke. "I think, David, considering the stake you and I have in this theatre, you might pay more attention to its business." "True, my good friend," returned Garrick, "I should have been in good time; but I was thinking of my *steak* in the other." The appearance of their favourite soon pacified the audience, and Garrick went through the character with more vivacity than ever.

Deny Every Thing and Insist upon Proof.

Lawyer Acmoody figured at the bar in Essex county, Massachusetts, something like half a century ago. He had a student named Varnum, who, having just completed his studies, was journeying to a distant town in company with his master. Acmoody, on his way, observed to his student—"Varnum, you have now been with me three years, and finished your studies; but there is one important part of a lawyer's practice, of great consequence, that I have never mentioned." "What is that?" inquired the student. "I will tell it," replied A., "provided you will pay expenses at the next tavern." The student agreed, and Acmoody imparted the maxim at the head of this article. The supper, &c., were procured; and, on preparing to set off from the tavern, Acmoody reminded Varnum that *he* had engaged to pay the bill. "*I deny every thing and insist upon proof*," retorted Varnum. The joke was so good, that Acmoody concluded it *best to pay the* bill himself.



Hypercriticism.

When Colman read his admirable opera of *J*
and Yarico to the late Dr. Moseley, the d
made no remark during the progress of the pi
but, when it was concluded, being asked wha
thought of it, "It won't do," said the doctor; "
nonsense!" Every body else having been delig
with it, this decided disapprobation puzzled
circle: he was asked why? "I'll tell you w
answered the critic; "you say in the finale,

> 'Now, let us dance and sing,
> While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring.'

It won't do: there is but one bell in the whole isl

Appropriate Illustrations.

Some one was asked what works he had in p
"Why, the History of the Bank, with *notes*
Art of Cookery, with *plates;* and the Scienc
Single-Stick, with *wood-cuts.*"

Distinction between a Lord and a Gentlema

In the reign of King James the First, it is
that titles were not always well placed; which
an extravagant young fellow very smart up
courtier, whom he desired to move the Kin
make him a Lord. "What pretensions, eith
blood or merit," replies the courtier, "have yo
recommend you to that dignity?" The young
confessed modestly, that "he hoped he stood
sessed of all the qualities requisite for a fashio
nobleman; that he loved dogs and dice; sc
wit in poor clothes; and had beat his shoem
and ruined his tailor." The matter came t

king's ear; but the young candidate's preferment was opposed by a person in waiting, who, it seems, had had no feeling in the affair. The king demanded what reasons there were against the man's being made a lord; the courtier insisted, that "he was a mean obscure person, and not so much as a gentleman." "Oh! it is no matter for that," replies the monarch, merrily, "I can make a lord, though I cannot make a gentleman."

A Lawyer cannot be too Barefaced.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend; "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

A Fashionable Bonnet.

A Massachusetts gentleman in Baltimore lately wrote that he intended to send a fashionable bonnet to his daughter, but was afraid to venture it on the deck of the packet, and could not get it down the *hatchway*.

Sharp enough Already.

A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to *file* your *bill*, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

Venetian Blinds.

Three Venetians, whom the late Lord Byron *brought with* him into England, were so dreadfully



attacked by ophthalmia, as almost entirely to lose their eye-sight. "What can we do with these poor fellows?" said his lordship, when he heard of their misfortune. "Why," said Dr. L., "at the worst, we can set each of them up as a *Venetian Blind*."

Lord Loughborough.

Lord Loughborough rallying a physician one day on the efficacy of his prescriptions, the doctor said, he defied any of his patients to find fault with him. "That," answered the witty lord, "is exactly what Jack Ketch says."

A little More.

A New-England merchant who had accumulated a vast property by care and industry, yet still was as busy as ever in adding vessel to vessel, and store to store, though considerably advanced in life, being asked one day by a neighbour, how much property he thought would satisfy a human being—after a short pause replied, "*A little more.*"

National Paradoxes.

Somebody once remarked, that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting."

A Trifler.

"I will forfeit my head if you are not wrong," exclaimed a dull and warm orator, to the president Montesquieu, in an argument. "I accept it," replied the philosopher; "any trifle among friends has a value."



A Hard Run.

A droll equivoque, and not unseasonable, took place between Sir —— and Mr. M——, at the time of the great cash distresses in 1826. The baronet overtook the latter on returning from a fox-chase; and, supposing the banker had been one of the field, and wishing to say something civil as he passed, observed, "A hard run to-day, Mr. M." "Oh, no, sir, I assure you!" replied the conscious man of money, not of straw; "no such thing, sir; not in the least *hard-pressed* to-day; no run at all!" "Why, we run him in!" rejoined the baronet, with evident surprise; "would you have all knocked up?" "Oh! you are talking of the fox, perhaps," said the banker, "and I was thinking of my bank. I have not been hunting, but *hunted* all the week by a *pack of fools*."

A Moving Discourse.

A certain reverend drone in the country, preaching a very dull sermon to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was nearly ended. "Truly," said a gentleman present, "this learned doctor has made a very *moving* discourse."

Laugh and Grow Fat.

It has been stated that good humour, and the power of looking on the favourable side of things, are among the concomitant causes of corpulency, and so they have been considered from the days of Solomon—'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.'—*Proverbs.* Now the optics of some lean people are in

so unlucky a perspective, as to throw a shade over every picture that is presented to them—to them the whole face of nature is gloomy and ugly. It would be a blessed thing to such persons if Dollond could alter their vision by the aid of spectacles. To fatten a man by impressions on the optic nerve would be a new feat in the philosophy of physic and surgery.

'Laugh and grow fat' is an old adage, and Sterne tells us, that every time a man laughs he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher of the last century used to say, that he liked not only to laugh himself, but to see and to hear laughter. "Laughter, sir, laughter is good for the health—it is a provocative to the appetite, and a friend to digestion. Dr. Sydenham, sir, said the arrival of a Merry Andrew in a town, was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants than twenty asses loaded with medicine." Mr. Pott used to say that he never saw the 'Tailor riding to Brentford,' without feeling better for a week afterwards.

Duke of Buckingham.

An instance of astonishing quickness is related of the witty Duke of Buckingham. Being present at the first representation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, where a lover says, "My wound is great, because it is *so small!*" the Duke cried out, "Then 'twould be greater, were it *none at all.*" The play was instantly damned.

Short Prayers.

At a dinner party at the Duke of Ormond's in 1715, Sir William Wyndham, in a jocular dispute about short prayers, told the company, among whom was

Bishop Atterbury, that the shortest pray
ever heard, was that of a common soldier,
the battle of Blenheim:—"O God, if
God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" Th
lowed by a general laugh. Atterbury see
in the conversation, and, applying him
William Wyndham, said, "Your prayer, S
is indeed very short; but I remember
short, and much better, offered up like
poor soldier, in the same circumstances:-
if, in the day of battle, I forget thee, d
forget me!'"

A Highlander offered up a prayer almos
as either of the above two, just before fi
the Old Chevalier, at the battle of Sheriff
said, "Oh Lord, be thou for us; but if t
for us, be not against us, but leave it b
red coats (the king's soldiers) *and us*."

Three Uses of One Word.

A person who lived in constant fear of t
having absconded, one of his acquaint
asked, what was the reason of his absence
he replied, "Why, sir, I *apprehend* he
hensive of being *apprehended*."

Amiable Compassion.

Theodore Hook being told of the ma
political opponent, exclaimed, "I am ver
deed, to hear it." Then suddenly added, v
ing of compassionate forgiveness, "And
see why I should, poor fellow, for he nev
much harm."

Revolutionary Anecdote.

In the year 1778, when the combined forces of France and America were contemplating an attack on Newport, R. I., Gen. Sullivan arranged his army to march against the British forces. He disposed his troops in three divisions; the first division was ordered to take the west road, the second to take the east-road, and the third to march in the centre. The advanced guard having arrived within three hundred yards of the British, commenced throwing up entrenchments. The British then fired a few scattering shot, which passed over the heads of the Americans without doing any injury. The American guards were placed about thirty rods in advance of the army, and within speaking distance of the guards of the British. In full view were five or six hundred horses feeding, which excited the enterprise of a young man by the name of Mason, about twenty years old. This young man, in open day, and in the presence of both armies, conceived the bold design of carrying off one of these horses as a prize. In a low piece of ground between both sentinels, were a few scattered elders, by means of which he contrived to pass both lines undiscovered, and made direct for the pasture, where the horses with their saddles on were feeding, and the bridles slipped about their necks. Among these he selected the best horse he could find, which he mounted, and after leaping two or three fences, entered the road which led to the American army. As he approached the British guards, he put spurs to his horse and passed them before they had time to recover their surprise; when he received the fire of both sentinels at the same time. But our hero had the good fortune to

escape unhurt, and arrived safe in the Am camp with his noble prize, when he halted, a dignified manner, drew from his holster b pistols, and extending his arms, discharge both in triumph.

But the alarm given by the sentinels cal both armies, and the panic extended even British fleet in the harbour. Alarm-guns wer for many miles up and down the coast, a whole country was filled with the utmost con tion. The British army paraded in front of t expecting an immediate attack. The troops diately sprang for their horses, when lo! one p coat was seen wandering alone, destitute of a The cause of alarm was soon discovered, a armies retired.

Our hero, after exhibiting his horse in pr umph for about two hours, sold him to on officers for five hundred dollars, a reward of one of the most bold, daring and succe terprises of which history can boast.

How to Pay a Doctor's Bill.

A singular old gentleman was waited his surgeon's bill, for the purpose of b After cogitating over its contents for son desired the person in waiting for his ans his master, that the medicine he shoul pay for, but *that he should return the vis*

Reason to be Thankful.

A very worthy, though not a particu underwriter at Lloyd's was conversing a friend in the coffee-house on the sub they had mutually insured. His fri

"Do you know that I shrewdly suspect our ship is in *jeopardy*?" "The devil she is," replied he; "well, I'm glad that she's got *into some port at last*."

Wilkes.

At the period of Wilkes's popularity, every wall bore his name, and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, or in marble, he stood upon the chimney-pieces of half the houses of the metropolis; he swung upon the sign-post of every village on every great road throughout the country. He used himself to tell, with much glee, of a monarchical old lady, behind whom he accidentally walked, looking up, and murmuring within his hearing, in much spleen, "He swings everywhere but where he ought!" Wilkes passed her, and, turning round, politely bowed.

Dean Swift's Opinion of Faults.

Dean Swift had a shoulder of mutton brought up for his dinner, too much done: he sent for the cook, and told her to take the mutton down, and do it less. "Please your honour, I cannot do it less." "But," says the Dean, "if it had not been done enough, you could have done it more, could you not?" "Oh, yes! very easily." "Why, then," says the Dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault, let it be such a one as can be mended."

The Mother of General Greene.

Among the many ladies who distinguished themselves for their patriotism, charity, and other good qualities, in our revolution, there is one whose name ought not to be forgotten, and who, in our opinion, is equal in merit to any that flourished in our coun-

try, and they were many at that time. About the commencement of our revolution, and as soon as it was ascertained that Nathaniel Greene, afterwards General Greene, intended to join our army, in defence of his country, a deputation of Friends (commonly called Quakers), and to whose society he then belonged, by order of their meeting, waited on him to endeavour to dissuade him from it, and after listening to all their arguments on the subject, he informed them that he felt an irresistible propensity, not to be got over, for joining his brethren in arms. He thanked them for the interest they had taken in his welfare; but he could not comply with their request. When the deputation took an affectionate leave, and left him, his mother, who had been listening with all the anxiety of a fond parent, used her best endeavours to prevail on him to stay at home, when he told her *it was impossible.* After a pause she burst into tears, with this remarkable observation—"Well, Nathaniel, if thee must go, it is possible that I may hear of thy death, and if it is God's will that it shall so happen, I hope I shall not have the mortification to hear of thee being wounded in the back." Comment is needless—a Spartan mother could not have said more; but Mrs. Greene stands pre-eminently superior to the mothers of antiquity, as her education was so different—*she was bred a Christian.*

Playing the Fool.

A lady beating a tune on a table, as destitute of harmony as time, asked another, if she knew what she played? "I do," answered she; "you play the *fool.*"

Inscription for an Apothecary.

The following was, in consequence of an evening's frolic, inscribed by some wags of Oxford, over an apothecary's door :—

Hic venditur
Catharticum, Emeticum, Narcoticum,
Et omne quod exit in um,
Præter
Remedium.

Counsel's Opinion.

An eminent barrister had a case sent to him for an opinion. The case stated was the most preposterous and improbable that ever occurred to the mind of man, and concluded by asking, Whether, under such circumstances, an action would lie? He took his pen and wrote,—"Yes, if the witnesses *will lie too;* but not otherwise."

Sheridan.

When Sheridan's life was to be insured, Mr. Aaron Graham, the magistrate, was applied to, in order to know whether Mr. Sheridan was, at that period, living a more regular life than usual. "I believe he is," said the justice; "but understand me; I think he is more regularly tipsy, every night *now*, than he has been for several years past."

Impartiality.

It is known to all who are acquainted with the early history of Kentucky, that the first emigrants settled in small squads, like the first settlements in all other frontier countries, for mutual defence. The



er was, whenever an alarm was given, all were run to that place. Early one morning the shouts d cries of a female were heard—all ran to the ot. When they arrived, they saw a bear and a an engaged in combat. They had it hip and nigh, up and down, over and under, and the man's vife standing by and hallooing "Fair play! fair play!" The company ran up and insisted on parting them. The woman said, "No—no—let them fight! for it is the first fight I ever saw, that I did not care which whipped."

Writing down a Character.

Much about the time of the universal damnation of Macpherson's Homer, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, being in company with a number of *beaux esprits*, after haranguing with great vehemence and nationality on the general talents of Mr. Macpherson, asserted there was not a man in England had ever the knack of *writing down a character* more than he had. "I believe it most sincerely," says a gentleman present; "and I think he has given a very recent proof of it, by *writing down* one of the *first characters of all antiquity.*"

Drawings of Cork.

Jack Bannister, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after his return from one of his trips to the sister kingdom, was asked if he had been in Cork. "No," replied the wit; "but I saw a great many *drawings* of it."

Religion of Sea Chaplains.

When the Earl of Clancarty was captain of man-of-war, and was cruising off the coast

Guinea, he happened to lose his chaplain, who was carried off by a fever; on which the lieutenant, who was a Scotchman, gave him notice of it, saying at the same time, "that he was sorry to inform him he had died a Roman Catholic." "Well, so much the better," said his lordship. "Hout awa, my lord; how can you say so of a British clergyman?" "Why," said his lordship, "because I believe I am the first captain of a man-of-war that could boast of having a chaplain *who had any religion at all.*"

A Scotch Moon.

An English lady was on a visit to a friend in Edinburgh, who was at great pains to point out to her all the delightful prospects of that romantic city. The stranger, assuming an air of consequence, generally answered, "'Tis very well for a *Scotch view!*" One delightful evening, walking along Queen Street, while the autumnal moon shone with uncommon lustre, her friend could not help expressing her admiration of the resplendent orb of night, when the Cockney remarked, "'Tis pretty well for a *Scotch Moon!*"

Bachelor's Revenge.

An old bachelor in Ohio, by way of a set-off against General M'Clure's proposition to tax bachelors instead of dogs, proposed as follows—hear him. "Let every one that is tired of conjugal felicity pay a certain fee to the state for a divorce, according to his ability; and it will not only supersede the necessity of taxing dogs, but there will be no need of taxes of any kind. And if government will give me the exclusive privilege of unmarrying all those

who wish to be unmarried in the United States, I will pledge myself to pay off the national debt in five years."

New Meaning of the word Remonstrate.

A worthy farmer in the north of England was once waited upon by a tax-gatherer, who claimed taxes which had been already paid. The receipt had been mislaid, and the farmer could not on the instant produce it. The man of taxes became very abusive; and the farmer, in his own phrase, *remonstrated* with him. "Well, and to what effect did you remonstrate with him?" asked a friend, who heard the story from the farmer's own mouth. "I don't know, was the reply; "but I know, the poker was bent, and I had to get a hammer to straighten it again."

A Bridle for the Tongue.

A young nobleman, who had just arrived from his travels, full of the follies of youth and the vanities of his rank, was rattling away at a great rate one morning at the Smyrna coffee-house. He, in particular, took great pains to let the company know of what consequence he was abroad, by the number of valuable presents made him at the several courts of Europe. "For instance, now," says he, "I have got a *bridle* given me by the King of France, so exceeding rich and elegant, that, upon my soul, I do not know what use to make of it." "A *bridle!* my lord?" says an old gentleman, who sat in the corner. "Yes, sir," says his lordship. "Why, then, I think the best use you can make of that is, to *put it about your tongue.*"

Lord Holland and the Chairmen.

The late Lord Holland (who was, perhaps, the fattest man of his height in England), and his brother Charles, coming out of the Thatched-house one night together, a chair was called for the former, who, altering his mind, agreed to go home in his brother's carriage, which was in waiting: the chairmen, however, being disappointed, he gave them a shilling. "Long life to your lordship," says Paddy; "sixpence more to your poor chairmen." "What!" says he, "have I not given you your full fare?" "O, yes, your lordship; but *consider the fright.*"

Original Anecdote.

A countryman from Kentucky was offering for sale, a few days since, on vendue range, a horse, which he was anxious to dispose of. Several purchasers were examining him—there were also present three or four young men, who undertook to quiz the back-countryman. To their numerous inquiries as to the qualities, price, &c. of his horse, the most civil and ingenuous answers were given, without any suspicion on the part of the owner, of their object—at length, one of the number abruptly addressed him with the question, "Why, sir, what occasions your horse to laugh so?" The reply was (and it silenced the presumption of the inquirer and his companions), "I cannot imagine, sir, unless he is smiling at his mistake in supposing himself amongst gentlemen, which he now finds is not the case."

Rehearsing a Funeral.

Lord Chesterfield, a little before his death, was so infirm, that, whenever he went out in his coach, the

horses were generally led step by step. In this sit uation he was one morning met by an acquaintance who congratulated his lordship on being able to take the air. "I thank you kindly, sir," says his lord ship; "but I do not come out so much for the air as for the benefit of *rehearsing my funeral.*"

Best Sort of Language for the Pulpit.

The vicar in a certain village in England, return ing one Sunday from church, was thus accosted by an opulent farmer: "Well, doctor," said he, "you be gwain on pretty well now; but why dount ye gi us now and tan a scrap of Latin?" "Why," said the vicar, "if I had thought it had been your wish I should have had no objection, but for one thing— I am afraid you would not understand it." "That," said the other, "is nout to you; "an we do pay you the best, we oft to ha' the best."

Poverty a Virtue.

Dr. R——— maintained that poverty was a virtue. "That," replied Mr. Canning, "is literally making a virtue of necessity."

Anecdote of Joe Miller.

Joe Miller going one day along the Strand, an impudent Derby Captain came swaggering up to him, and thrust between him and the wall. "I don't use to give the wall," said he, "to every jackanapes." "But I do," said Joe, and so made way for him.

Lord Norbury.

Lord Norbury, happening to drive out in the neighbourhood of Kingstown, was accosted by a poo



person in want of employment. His lordship asked him many questions, and, amongst others, his name, and what business he followed. He said, "his name was Pew, and he was a labourer." "Why, Pew," replied his lordship, "you should have had a permanent situation in the church."

A Patriot Preacher.

The other evening we heard a gentleman relate an anecdote which ought to be recorded. It is this:

At that eventful period when our country was invaded by Prevost, a clergyman, resident about thirty miles from this, exhorted his flock to march to Plattsburgh and repel the enemy. Many did so. After they had departed, the guardian of liberties, as well as souls, called together those who had remained, for the purpose of offering up prayers for the success of those who had departed, and when they had assembled, he could not find an 'able bodied man' among his congregation. *It was composed of females and decrepit old men.* A scene like this was fuel to the feelings, and food for the emotions of the heart of a patriot, and the preacher was not wholly unmoved by it. He commenced a prayer—he faltered. He recommenced—again he faltered. The emotions of his heart choked up the avenues of his soul, and the burning feelings of the patriot had got the mastery of the calm, mellifluent strains of the preacher. He arose from his knees and exclaimed, "I cannot pray when my mind is not on my Maker—and I confess, it now centres on *Plattsburgh!* whither I shall repair with all possible speed, and render my feeble assistance in defence of the civil and religious liberty which we now enjoy." He immediately embraced the weep-



ing congregation—bid them a hearty 'good bye'—implored a blessing—took his gun, and followed his brethren to the field of battle.

Technical Remark.

A printer observing two bailiffs pursuing an ingenious but distressed author, remarked, "that it was a new edition of 'The Pursuits of Literature,' *unbound*, but *hot-pressed*."

Sheridan and the Great Seal.

At a canvass, in which Sheridan was engaged at Westminster, soon after the Great Seal of England was so strangely abstracted, the mob saluted him with loud cries of,—"Who stole the Seal? Sherry stole the Seal," &c.; and one fellow at last exclaimed, "I suppose if there had been a watch at it, he would have stolen that too." "No," said Sheridan; "if there had been a *watch* at it, it probably would not have been stolen at all."

Laughable Misprint.

In the newspaper account of an inquest held on the body of a glutton, who died by devouring part of a goose, the verdict *suffocation* was printed with more truth than was intended, *stuffocation*.

Sheridan and Lord Thurlow.

Sheridan was dining with the black-browed Chancellor, when he produced some admirable Constantia, which had been sent him from the Cape of Good Hope. The wine tickled the palate of Sheridan, who saw the bottle emptied with uncommon regret, and set his wits to work to get another



The old chancellor was not to be so easily induced to produce his curious Cape in such profusion, and foiled all Sheridan's attempts to get another glass. Sheridan being piqued, and seeing the inutility of persecuting the immovable pillar of the law, turned towards a gentleman sitting farther down, and said, "Sir, pass me up that decanter, for I must return to Madeira since I cannot double the Cape."

Siamese Twins.

An argument offered by one of the twins, at their late trial in Salem, afforded much amusement to the court. It was nearly in this form, and was addressed to Mr. Prescott, the complainant:—"You swear you fraid o' me; you fraid I kill you, shoot you—at the same time you know I have guns—you see I shoot if I choose—and you keep round me, following me about—I ask you civilly not to follow me—you won't let me go away—you call me and my mother hard name—and yet you swear you fraid I kill you. Now, suppose I see a man in my country, in Siam—he goes out into woods, and sees a lion asleep—he say, 'Oh! I fraid that lion kill me'—what I think of that man if he go up and give that lion a kick and say, 'Get out, you ugly beast?' I wish you answer me that."

Rival Shoemakers.

Two rival shoemakers, who lived directly opposite to each other, in one of the streets near the west end of London, and whose opposition was not in situation alone, but in every matter connected with business, carried on for a long time a war of advertisements and placards, till at last, one of them, to signify the purity of his style of doing business,

door-way adorned with the classic sentence, conscia recti.' This the other conceived to advertisement of something in the line of ess; and, as he was a ladies' shoemaker also, t his door ornamented with the following im- d reading of the apothegm,—'Men's and en's conscia recti.'

Edinburgh Castle.

As a person was showing Dr. Johnson the Castl Edinburgh, he mentioned to him a tradition tha me part of it had been standing three hundr ears before Christ. "Much faith," replied the dc or in his usual manner, "is due to tradition; a hat part of the fortress which was standing at early a period, must undoubtedly have been *the* r upon which it is founded!"

Lord Bateman.

In 1781, Lord Bateman waited upon the and, with a very low bow, begged to know what hour his majesty would please to hav stag hounds turned out?" "I cannot exact swer that," replied the king, "but I can infor that your lordship was turned out about two ago." The Marquis Caermarthen succeede

Anser Capitolinus.

"Boy, what have you got before you cried a pursy old doctor of divinity, who head of a table in one of the colleges of a young man a good way down. "An linus," cried the boy in reply. "A capit roared the doctor; "send me a wing."



Popular Explanation.

At the commencement of the French Revoluti when the popular excitement was at its height u the subject of the royal *veto*, Mirabeau heard an woman in one of the faubourgs bawling out, w all imaginable zeal, "No veto! no veto!" "I good woman," said Mirabeau, "I am a stranger Paris, but find every body talking about the ve do tell me what it means." "Means," said s "why a tax upon sugar, to be sure—so no veto! veto!"

Sergeant Prince.

Sergeant Prince, a contemporary of Murphy, t translator of Tacitus, has described that gentlem as the most lengthy and soporific speaker of time. Bar, bench, jurors, attorneys—nay, even t javelin-men, nodded under their somnolescent inf ence. A counsel getting up to reply to him, beg "Gentlemen, the long speech of the learned s geant——" "I beg your pardon, sir," interrupt Mr. Justice Nares, "you might say the long soliloq of the learned sergeant, for my brother Prince h been talking an hour to himself."

Unattackable.

An officer was defending himself before Sir Sy ney Smith, for not having attacked a certain po because he had considered it *unattackable*. "Si said the gallant chief, "that word is not English.'



Biblical Comment.

At the commencement of the French revolutionary war, an honest farmer, who read his Bible every Sunday, went to his rector, and asked him whether he did not think that the contest would go very hard with the French? The rector replied, that, if it pleased God, he hoped it would. "Nay," said the farmer, "I am sure it will then; for it is said by the prophet Ezekiel, chap. xxxv. verse 1, 'Son of man set thy face against *Mount Seir*;' now, my wife, who is a better scholar than I am, says that this can be nothing but *Mounseer*, the Frenchman; and in almost the next verse it is still stronger, for there the prophet adds, 'O, *Mount Seir*, I am against thee, and I will make thee most desolate."

Danger of doing Homage.

Mr. Carbonel, the wine-merchant, who served George the Third, was a great favourite with the good old king, and was admitted to the honours of the royal hunt. Returning from the chase one day, his majesty entered, in his usual affable manner, into conversation with him, riding side by side with him, for some distance. Lord Walsingham was in attendance, and watching an opportunity, whispered to Mr. Carbonel, that he had not once taken his hat off before his majesty. "What's that, what's that, Walsingham?" inquired the good-humoured monarch. Mr. Carbonel at once said, "I find I have been guilty of unintentional disrespect to your majesty, in not taking off my hat; but your majesty will please to observe that whenever I hunt, my hat is fastened to my wig, and my wig to my head, and I am on the back of a high-

spirited horse; so that if any thing goes off, it must all go off together!" The king laughed heartily at this whimsical apology.

Slanting Rain.

"John," said a gentleman the other day, "I am going to church, and if, as it now has the appearance, it should rain, I wish you to come with the umbrella for me; however, you need not come unless it should rain down straight." The gentleman went,—it did rain, but, according to John's construction of his orders, it was not necessary, from the appearance of the rain, to go with the umbrella. While standing at the door, watching the weather, he was not a little astonished to see his master approaching the house with drenched garments, and a look of implacable anger. "John! John!" said the good man, "why didn't you bring the umbrella?" "Because, sir," replied John, "it rained slanting."

Sheridan's Greek.

Lord Belgrave having clenched a speech in the House of Commons with a long Greek quotation, Sheridan, in reply, admitted the force of the quotation so far as it went; "But," said he, "had the noble lord proceeded a little farther, and completed the passage, he would have seen that it applied the other way." Sheridan then spouted something, *ore rotundo*, which had all the *ais*, *ois*, *kous* and *koes*, that give the world assurance of a Greek quotation; upon which Lord Belgrave very promptly and handsomely complimented the honourable member on his readiness of recollection, and frankly admitted, that the continuation of the passage had the tendency ascribed to it by Mr. Sheridan, and that



he had overlooked it at the moment when he gave his quotation. On the breaking up of the House, Fox, who piqued himself on having some Greek, went up to Sheridan, and asked him, "Sheridan, how came you to be so ready with that passage? It certainly is as you say, but I was not aware of it before you quoted it." It is almost unnecessary to observe, that there was no Greek at all in Sheridan's impromptu.

Sheridan and Cumberland.

When the 'School for Scandal' came out, Cumberland's children prevailed upon their father to take them to see it: they had the stage-box; their father was seated behind them; and, as the story was told by a gentleman, a friend of Sheridan's who was close by, every time the children laughed at what was going on on the stage, he pinched them, and said, "What are you laughing at, my dear little folks? you should not laugh, my angels; there is nothing to laugh at;" and then, in an under tone, "Keep still, you little dunces." Sheridan having been told of this, long afterwards, said, "It was very ungrateful in Cumberland to have been displeased with his poor children for laughing at *my comedy; for* I went the other night to see *his tragedy*, and laughed at it from beginning to end."

Whimsical Pun.

When the Marquis of Tullibardin was at Cambridge, he was made the subject of a pun, by the young waggish Cantabs, in the following manner: they took their opportunity, and locked the young nobleman up in his apartments, and then calling to their fellows with much clamour, shouted, "See

Cicero in prison!" The Marquis was then expostulating through the open window, and begging to be released. "Cicero in prison!" said the puzzled Cantabs, not comprehending the joke. "Yes," said the jokers, "it is *Tully barr'd in.*"

Mountain Anecdote.

A party had once climbed a considerable way up the usual track on the side of Skiddaw, when a gentleman (a stranger to the rest of the company), who had given frequent broad hints of his being a man of superior knowledge, said to the guide, "Pray, what is the highest part of this mountain?" "The top, sir," replied the guide.

Traveller's Direction.

A friend who has travelled, relates the following as a literal direction given to him by an inhabitant of a remote New-England town, in reply to his inquiry for the direct road to —— meeting-house. "Well, ah, stranger, you go right straight ahead, till you come to a large oak tree, then you take that are tree *on* your right shoulder, and go on till you come to the brick schoolhouse—then take the brick schoolhouse *on* your left shoulder, and keep straight on till you come to Squire Wingate's; and then do you take the squire's house right *on* your back, and you can't miss the way."

Long Bit.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a *bit* too long."



Saddlewise.

"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddlewise?" said a gentleman carving. "No," said his friend, "cut it bridlewise, for then we may all chance to get a *bit* in our mouths."

No Stranger of Me.

A parson who had a scolding wife, one day brought home a brother clergyman to dinner. Having gone into a separate apartment to talk to his spouse about the repast, she attacked and abused him for bringing a parcel of idle fellows to eat up their income. The parson, provoked at her behaviour, said, in a pretty loud tone, "If it were not for the stranger, I would give you a good drubbing." "Oh!" cried the visitor, "I beg you will make no stranger of me."

Nimrod and Ramrod.

A gentleman, who thought his two sons consumed too much time in hunting and shooting, gave them the appellation of *Nimrod* and *Ramrod.*

Doctor Franklin.

When Doctor Franklin was in England, he spent part of a day in a rural excursion with Commodore Johnson and others. In the course of the afternoon, the company separated, and the doctor was found in a reverie looking on the Thames. Being asked what was the object of his contemplation, "I am musing (he replied) on the improper distribution of power, and lamenting that the noble rivers of America should be subject to the paltry stream I am now *beholding.*"

Pressing Reason.

A spunger was reproached one day, for dining so often among his friends. "What would you have me to do?" answered he; "I am *pressed* to do it." "True," answered Monk Lewis, "there is nothing more *pressing* than hunger."

Purgatory.

The Count de Villa Medina, being at church one day, and finding there a Religious who begged for the souls in purgatory, he gave him a piece of gold. "Ah! my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul." The count threw upon the plate another piece: "Here is another soul delivered," said the Religious. "Are you positive of it?" replied the count. "Yes, my lord," replied the monk, "I am certain they are now in heaven." "Then," said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now, seeing the souls are already got to heaven; there can be no danger of their again returning to purgatory." And he immediately gave the pieces to the poor that were standing by.

Little Money.

Mr. Money, a little dapper man, was dancing at the York Assembly with a tall lady of the name of Bond; on which Sterne said, "There was a great bond for a little money."

Anecdote of Sheridan.

In the midst of his distresses, Sheridan had one day invited a party of friends to dine with him, amongst whom were a few noblemen of the Oppo-



sition party; but, upon examining his cellar, a terrible deficiency was found. He was largely in debt to Chalier, the great wine-merchant, and for two years had been unable to obtain from him any farther credit. He put his imagination to work, and tried the following expedient. He sent for Chalier on the day of the dinner in question, and told him that luckily he was just in cash, and wished to settle his account. Chalier was much pleased; but told him, as he had not the account with him, he would return home and bring it. He was about to leave the room, when, as if upon sudden recollection, Sheridan said, "Oh, Chalier, by-the-by, you must stay and dine with me to-day; I have a party to whom I will introduce you—some leading members of both Houses." Chalier, who was fond of good company, and also hoped to meet with a recommendation, was obliged to Sheridan for the offer, and promised to be with him at the hour appointed. Upon his return home, he informed the clerk of his cellars that he was going to dine with Mr. Sheridan, and probably should not be home till it was late. Sheridan had fixed the hour of six to Chalier, but desired him to come before that time, as he had much to say to him in private. At about five o'clock, Chalier came to his appointment, and he was no sooner in the house, than Sheridan sent off a servant, with a note to the clerk, desiring him, as Mr. Chalier was favouring him with his company, to send, as soon as possible, three dozen of Burgundy, two dozen of claret, and two dozen of port, with a dozen of old hock. The clerk, knowing his master was at Sheridan's, and thinking that the order came with his concurrence, immediately obeyed it. After dinner, every body praised the fine qualities of Sheridan's wines, and *all were* desirous of knowing who was his wine-

merchant. Sheridan, turning towards Chalier, said, "I am indebted to my friend here for all you have tasted, and am proud to recommend him."

Eccentricity of a Dog.

Eccentricity is said to be the prerogative of greatness. If the following relation is true, as we believe it is, it will go far to show that it is to be met with among distinguished dogs, as well as distinguished men.

A gentleman residing in Windham, New-York, has for a number of years been the owner of a dog of small size, but great courage, of which he has given abundant evidence in the deer hunts in which his master was a frequent participator, and, in more than one instance, proved the victor in single fight. A few months since, for some real or imaginary offence, he took 'French leave' of his friends, to whom he had appeared much attached, and followed a teamster, who was passing a distance of some ten or fifteen miles, and took up his quarters at a public house, to the inmates of which he was an entire stranger. Here he was well treated, and although frequently recognized by his old acquaintance who occasionally called there, he seemed determined to 'cut' them, one and all, and invariably refused to notice their attentions even by a single wag of his tail. After spending some weeks in this manner, he bade adieu to his friends and started homeward in a leisurely way, making occasional calls at different public houses on the road, the length of which seemed to depend altogether on his estimate of the occupants. At last, he arrived in the neighbourhood of home; but instead of going at once to his master's, as a sensible dog would have done, he called at

the house of a neighbour, where he passed some days in an idle way, occasionally paying visits to his old acquaintance in the vicinity, and sometimes even passing his master's door, which he invariably refused to enter—turning a deaf ear to the solicitations of himself and family, who at last gave over all hopes of reconciliation—when to their surprise, he rushed into his master's house, and was actually riotous in his manifestations of joy at meeting the inmates, where he has since remained perfectly contented, to the satisfaction of all parties.

Bow-Street Bon-Mot.

A lady went into the Police Office, Bow Street, and inquired the price of some fur and silk articles. Townsend quizzingly replied, "Oh, ma'am, we're all fair and above board—we've no cloaks here." To which the lady rejoined, "Sir, I beg pardon; I really thought that this was the celebrated *police office*."

Breaking up of a Nursery.

The organ of early destructiveness sometimes exhibits itself in a droll way. The mother of a family was one day saying, that as soon as the youngest child was of such an age, she would break up the nursery. "La, mamma!" said one of the children, "that will be fine sport—I'll break up the chairs, and John shall break up the tables."

Wit of a Resurrectionist.

A large party of soldiers surprising two resurrection men in a churchyard, the officer, seizing one of them, asked him what he had to say for himself?—

"Say, sir," replied the surgeon's provider, "why, that we came here to raise a corpse, and not a regiment."

A Yorkshire Eating Match.

There was a famous eating match at a village in Yorkshire, between two men, named Gubbins and Muggins, which caused a great deal of interest in the neighbourhood; and a countryman, leaving the place before the match was decided, was stopped by almost every one on the road with "Who beats? how does the match get on?" &c.: to which he answered, "Why, I doant exactly know — they say Gubbins 'll get it; but I thinks Muggins 'll bet 'un yet, for when I leaft he was oanly two geese and a torkey behind him!"

Mistake of the Press.

An important house in New-York had occasion to advertise for sale a quantity of Brass Hoppers, such as are used in coffee-mills. But instead of Brass Hoppers the newspaper read *Grasshoppers*. In a short time the merchant's counting-room was thronged with inquirers respecting the new article of merchandise.

"Good morning, Mr. Invoice; how do you sell grasshoppers?" said a fat merchant. "What are they worth a hogshead?"

The importer was astonished; but before he had time to reply, in came a druggist, who being bent on speculation, determined to purchase a whole lot, provided he could get them low. Taking the importer aside for fear of being overheard by the merchant, he asked him how he sold his grasshoppers; if they were prime quality; and whether they were

to be used in medicine. The importer was about opening his mouth to reply in an angry manner to what he began to suspect was a conspiracy to torment him, when a doctor entered smelling at his cane and looking wondrous wise.

"Mr. Invoice," said he, "ahem! will you be good enough to show me a specimen of your grasshoppers?"

"Grasshoppers! grasshoppers!" exclaimed the importer, as soon as he had a chance to speak—"what, gentlemen, do you mean by grasshoppers?"

"Mean!" said the merchant: "why, I perceive you have advertised the article for sale."

"Certainly," said the druggist, "and when a man advertises an article, it is natural for him to expect inquiries relating to the price and quality of the thing."

"Nothing in the world more natural," said the doctor. "As for myself, I have at present a number of cases on hand in which I thought the article might be serviceable—but since you are so—ahem! so uncivil—why I must look out elsewhere, and my patients"——

"You and your *patience* be hanged!" interrupted the importer; "mine is fairly worn out, and if you don't explain yourselves, gentlemen, I'll lay this poker over your heads."

To save their heads, the advertisement was now referred to, when the importer found out the cause of his vexations by reading the following: "Just landed and for sale by Invoice & Co., ten hogsheads prime *grasshoppers*."

All gone out.

A *gentleman* having appointed to meet his friend on *particular* business, went to his house and



knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl. He informed her he wanted her master. "He is gone out, sir," said she. "Then your mistress will do," said the gentleman. "She," said the girl, "is gone out too." "My business is of consequence," returned he; "is your master's son at home?" "No, sir," replied the girl, "he is gone out." "That's unlucky indeed," replied he; "but perhaps it may not be long before they return; I will step in and sit by your fire." "Oh, sir," said the girl, "the fire is gone out too." Upon which the gentleman bade her inform her master, that he did not expect to be received so coolly.

Matrimony.

Bishop Andrews, the favourite preacher of King James the First, in his sermon on matrimony, says that ten women are driven to the altar for one that is led to it.

Difference between Whigs and Tories.

"Pray, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur," said the late King of France one day at his levee, "what do you take to be the difference between a Whig and a Tory?" "Please your majesty," was the reply, "I conceive the difference to be merely nominal; the Tories are Whigs when they want places, and the Whigs are Tories when they have got them."

The Pretender's Health.

There was not much wit, but there was some good humour in the reply George II. made to a lady, who, at the first masquerade his majesty was at in England, invited him to drink a glass of wine at one of *the beaufets*. With this he readily complied, and

the lady filling a bumper, said, "Here, mask, the Pretender's health;" then filling another glass, presented it to the king, who, receiving it with a smile, replied, "I drink with all my heart to the health of all unfortunate princes."

Washington.

The following incident is certainly important, and there are doubtless others, showing a sense of the love and fear of God in the hearts of the fathers of our country, and also those exhibiting a special Providence in directing the events of the revolution, which have not appeared in any history.

The surprise and capture of the Hessian troops at Trenton, is a well-remembered event in our revolutionary history. It occurred at the darkest period of the struggle, and it was in the hour when the hopes of the most sanguine had almost failed, that God so singularly interposed to save our land.

On that eventful morning, Colonel Biddle, of Philadelphia, rode by the side of Washington, and it was from his oft-repeated relation of the circumstances of that contest that we have derived our knowledge of the following interesting fact:

The American troops crossed the Delaware about nine miles above Trenton, and marched in two divisions upon the town. This unexpected approach and vigorous attack of foes supposed to be dispirited and defeated, was completely successful; and although the floating ice in the river had delayed the crossing, and it was eight o'clock when Washington entered the village, the victory was gained with an ease altogether unexpected. In a few minutes all the outguards were driven in, and the American forces having surrounded the town, resistance be-

came fruitless, and the enemy surrendered. When this event was communicated to Washington, he was pressing forward, and animating his troops by his voice and example. Instantly checking his horse, and throwing the reins upon his neck, the venerable man raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and thus silently and emphatically acknowledged whence the victory had come, and what aid he had implored to guard his beloved country in the perilous conflict. It was not until the lapse of about a minute that he paused from his devout thankfulness, and ordered the troops to stand to their arms.

No Pay, No Pray.

When Jonas Hanway once advertised for a coachman, he had a great number of applicants. One of them he approved of, and told him, if his character answered, he would take him on the terms which they had agreed upon; "But," said he, "my good fellow, as I am rather a particular man, it may be proper to inform you, that every evening, after the business in the stable is done, I shall expect you to come to my house for a quarter of an hour to attend family prayer; to this, I suppose, you can have no objection?" "Why, as to that, sir," replied the fellow, "I does not see much to say against it, but I hope you'll consider it in my wages."

More than I can Swallow.

An illustrious person told Mr. D——, of C——, that he had drunk two bottles of champagne and six of port. "That," said Mr. D——, "is more than I can *swallow*;" and if the wit was relished, it was never forgiven.

Giving up the Ghost.

A player performing the Ghost in Hamlet very badly, was hissed; after bearing it a good while, he put the audience in good humour by stepping forward, and saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry that my humble endeavours to please are unsuccessful; but if you are not satisfied, I must *give up the Ghost.*"

No Voice in the City.

A gentleman passing the evening among some friends in the city, was requested, in his turn, to favour the company with a song; he politely declined it, alleging that he was so indifferent a performer, that any attempt of his would rather disgust than entertain. One of the company, however, asserted that he had a very good voice; and said, he had frequently had the pleasure of hearing him sing. "That may be," resumed the other, "but as I am not a freeman, I have no voice in the city."

A Double Entendre.

The keeper of a paltry Scotch alehouse having on his sign, after his name, the letters M. D. F. R. S., a physician, who was a fellow of the Royal Society, asked him how he presumed to affix these letters to his name. "Why, sir," said the publican, "I have as good a right to them as you have." "What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel?" replied the doctor. "I mean, sir," returned the other, "that I was Drum-Major of the Royal Scots Fusileers."

Such Sparks as You.

As Lady B—— L—— was presiding one evening at the tea-table, one of her ruffles caught the flame

of the tea-lamp, and was burned before it could be extinguished. Lord M——, who was one of the party, and thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, "He did not think her ladyship so apt *to take fire*." "Nor am I, my lord," replied she with great readiness, "from *such sparks* as you."

Actor of One Part.

A little after Lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt) had *changed* his *political sentiments* in regard to the protection of Hanover, in the course of replying one day in the House of Commons to Sir Francis Blake Delaval, he threw out some sarcastical reflexions on him for appearing on the stage; upon which the other got up, and acknowledged it was true: youth and whim led him once to amuse himself that way; but he could safely lay his hand on his heart and say, "*He never acted but one part.*"

Sheridan and the Play-Writer.

During Sheridan's management of Drury Lane, an author had produced a play which he offered to Covent Garden, saying, that it would make Drury Lane a *splendid desert*. His play failed; but soon after, he prevailed on a friend to present a new one to Sheridan. "No! no!" exclaimed the latter, "I can't agree to connive at putting his former threat into effect."

The Esquimaux Woman.

Major Cartwright used to relate many curious particulars of this woman: among others, that on being shown the interior of St. Paul's she was so struck with astonishment and awe, that her knees

shook under her, and she leaned for support on *the* person who stood next to her. After a pause of some moments, she exclaimed, in a low and tremulous voice, "Did man make it, or was it found here?"

Benefit of the Springs.

A lady brought a child to a physician in Utica, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things, she inquired if he did not think the Springs would be useful?

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child, and then took a large pinch of snuff. "I haven't the least hesitation in recommending the Springs—and the sooner you apply the remedy, the better!"

"You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?"

"Upon my word, it's the best remedy I know of."

"What Springs would you recommend, Doctor?"

"Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of *soap and water*."

Etymologists.

Dr. Parr being asked, who was his immediate predecessor in the mastership of the free school of Norwich? replied, "It was Barnabas Leman, an honest man but without learning, and very tyrannical in his discipline. This man had the impudence to publish, by a half-guinea subscription, what he called an 'English Derivative Dictionary,' in quarto. He pretended to find a derivation for every word in Saxon, German, Dutch, Latin, Greek *and Hebrew*. No matter what the word was, *whether* culinary or vernacular, he undertook to *find its etymology*. Coming to 'pig's petticoat' (a



Norfolk way of dressing the feet of sucking pigs), he was a little puzzled, but it did not stop him; so he wrote, as it now stands in the book, 'Pig's petty-toes—a dish of which the author of this Dictionary is extremely fond."

There lately resided in an Ayrshire village, a man who, like Leman, proposed to write an Etymological Dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word *pathology* to mean, he answered, with great readiness and confidence, "Why, the art of *road-making*, to be sure."

A Simple Machine out of Order.

A gentleman, remarkable for having a great deal of lead in his forehead, called one morning on a counsellor, who asked what news? "Why," says the other, "I do not know; my head is confoundedly *out of order* this morning." "That is extraordinary news, indeed," says the counsellor. "What! an extraordinary thing for a man to have the headache?" "No, sir," says he, "I do not say that; but for so *simple a machine to be out of order* is extraordinary indeed!"

Toasting Cloth.

A child having got a flannel cloth to dry, while his mother was busied otherwise, held it so close to the fire that it soon began to change colour. "Mamma," he cried, "is it enough when it looks brown?"

Mr. Abernethy.

A lady very much afflicted with nervous complaints, went to consult the celebrated surgeon, Mr

Abernethy. The rough and caustic manner in which he catechised her, so discomposed the fair one's weak spirits, that she was thrown into a fit of hysterics. On parting, she put the usual fee into his hand, in the form of a one pound note and a shilling. Mr. Abernethy pocketed the note with one hand, and with the other presented the shilling to her, saying, gravely, "Here, madam, take the shilling; go to the next toy-shop, buy a skipping-rope, and use it every day: it will do you more good than all my prescriptions!"

Bread.

An itinerant preacher, who was not very remarkable for his energy of style or brilliancy of thought, was once hammering out the gospel to a slumbering audience in Freetown, when he stopped short in his discourse, and with renewed vigour exclaimed—"My friends, what do you suppose my little grandson calls *bread?*" This unexpected query awakened the congregation, who commenced guessing. After some ten or twelve had guessed wrong, a great gawk drawled out, "Now, Mr. Minister, you are to tell us what he calls it." "Why," replied the reverend gentleman, "he calls it *bread.*" After this there was no more slumbering.

Inestimable Value of a Tail.

A monkey-faced fellow offered himself to Garrick as an actor. "It will not do," says Garrick; "but if you had a tail, no money should part us."

Typographical Wit.

One meeting an acquaintance, who was a printer by profession, inquired of him, "If it was true Mr.



——— had put a period to his existence?" "No, no," replied the typographer, "he had only put a colon: for he is now in a fair way of recovery."

Stock-Jobbers.

A carpenter in Dorsetshire was employed to make a pair of stocks for the parish, for which he charged a good round sum. One of the parochial officers said, "You have made a good deal by that job." "Yes," said Master Chip, "we stock-jobbers always attend to our own interest."

Courage.

A man, in the habit of travelling, complaining to his friend, that he had often been robbed, and was afraid of stirring abroad, was advised to carry pistols with him on his journey. "Oh! that would be worse," replied the hero; "the thieves would rob me of them also."

A Slip of the Tongue.

A young fellow named Crolius, who was charged with having stolen a pair of shoes, was arraigned at the Special Sessions. The prisoner, after his arrest, pretended that he was a foreigner, and affected an entire ignorance of the English language. On his trial the charge was not sufficiently proved, the court therefore resolved to acquit him; previous to his charge, however, the Recorder, wishing to give him the laconic exhortation to morality, called him, to ask whether he did not understand any English? The acquitted prisoner turned round, and making a very low bow to the court, threw the auditors into a *roar of laughter* by replying very calmly, "Not a

word, your honour." "Well," said his honour, as soon as he had resumed his gravity by adjusting his spectacles, "if you are discharged, will you take care and behave better in future?" "I will," said the other, as he turned out of court, "you will never find me here again speaking to your honour."

Game.

Lee Lewis, shooting on a field, the proprietor attacked him violently: "I allow no person," said he, "to kill game on my manor but myself, and I'll shoot you, if you come here again." "What," said the other, "I suppose you mean to make game of me."

Short Days and long Nights.

Bonnel Thornton, like most wits, was a lover of conviviality; which frequently led him to spend the whole night in company, and all the next morning in bed. On one of these occasions, an old female relation having waited on him before he had arisen, began to read him a familiar lecture on prudence; which she concluded by saying, "Ah! Bonnel, Bonnel! I see plainly that you'll *shorten your days.*" "Very true, madam," replied he, "but, by the same rule, you must admit that I shall *lengthen my nights.*"

Excellency and Highness.

"Once," said a person, in a dispute concerning titles, "I had the honour to be in company with an *Excellency* and a Highness. His Excellency was *the most* ignorant and brutal man I ever saw; and *his Highness* measured just four feet eight inches."

Best Body of Divinity.

Parker, Bishop of Oxford, being asked by an acquaintance what was the best body of divinity, answered, "That which can help a man to keep a coach and six horses."

Dr. Parr.

Dr. Parr was not very delicate in the choice of his expressions, when heated by argument or contradiction. He once called a clergyman *a fool*, who, indeed, was little better. The clergyman said, he would complain of this usage to the bishop. "Do," said the doctor, "and my Lord Bishop will *confirm* you."

Justice.

A French nobleman, who had been satirized by Voltaire, meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing. The poet immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice. "Sir," replied the duke, with a significant smile, "it has been done you already."

A New Character.

A late Duke of Norfolk was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade night, he asked Foote what new character he should go in. "Go *sober!*" said Foote.

The Tragic Barber.

A hair-dresser, in a considerable town, made an *unsuccessful* attempt in tragedy. To silence an

abundant hissing, he stepped forward, and delivered the following speech: "Ladies and gentlemen: yesterday I *dressed* you; to-night I AD*dress* you; and to-morrow, if you please, I will RE*dress* you. While there is virtue in powder, pomatum, and horse-tails, I find it easier to make an actor than to be one. *Vive la bagatelle!* I hope I shall yet shine in the capital part of a beau, though I have not the felicity of pleasing you in the character of an emperor."

John Taylor.

This author had the merit of interrupting the servile etiquette of kneeling to the king. "I myself," says the water poet, "gave a book to King James once, in the great chamber at Whitehall, as his majesty came from the chapel. The Duke of Richmond said merrily to me:—'Taylor, where did you learn the manners to give the king a book and not kneel?' 'My lord,' said I, 'if it please your grace, I do give now; but when I beg any thing, then I will kneel.'"

How to Catch an Owl.

A western paper mentions the following as an easy method of taking owls. When you discover one on a tree, and find that it is looking at you, all you have to do is to move quickly round the tree several times, when the owl in the mean time, whose attention will be firmly fixed, forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head, will follow your motions with its eyes, till it wrings its head off.

The same paper proposes a method of taking *rabbits*, equally easy and effectual. "Place (say

the writer) apples in the parts where they frequent after sprinkling them with snuff, and when they come to smell, the sudden effort to sneeze which they make, never fails to break their necks, and even, in some cases, has been known to throw their heads a foot beyond their tails."

Saving One's Bacon.

A boy, who had not returned after the holidays to Winchester school, which the master charged him to do, came back at last loaded with a fine ham, as a bribe to the master, who took the ham, but flogged the lad, and told him, "You may give my compliments to your mother for the ham, but I assure you it shall not save your bacon."

Building Castles in the Air.

During the civil war, some persons of the royal party having mixed with the republicans in company, were talking of their future hopes. "'Tis all building castles in the air," observed a surly republican. "Where can we build them else?" replied a cavalier; "you have robbed us of every inch of land."

Politeness.

An officer in battle happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

The Left-Handed Lady.

An old lady proverbial for her pride of Christianity, one afternoon discovered, while in the midst of

her work, the reverend shepherd of the flock of which she was a member, within a few paces of the house, and making straight towards the door. Wishing to be thought well employed, she threw her spinning-wheel aside, and seizing her spectacles and bible, though she could not read a word, was engaged so deeply at the time the good man entered as not to observe him until he gently tapped her on the shoulder: "La! madam, do you read with your bible upside down?" "Oh dear, is it, Mr. B.?" said she, "yes, I always read so; I'm left-handed."

Funeral Service.

A ludicrous mistake happened at a funeral in Mary-le-bone. The clergyman had gone on with the service, until he came to that part, which says, "Our deceased brother, or sister," without knowing whether the deceased was male or female. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked, whether it was a brother or sister? The man very innocently replied, "No relation at all, sir; only an acquaintance."

Judge Burnet.

Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, "What is the matter with you, Tom," said the bishop; "what are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" asked the father. "The *reformation of myself*, my lord," replied the son.

Street Sweeper.

A gentleman, crossing the Strand, was applied to by a man, who sweeps the cross-ways, for charity. The gentleman replied, "I am going a little farther, and will remember you when I return." "Please your honour," says the man, "it is unknown the credit I give in this way."

A Standing Joke.

Munden, when confined to his bed, and unable to put his feet to the ground, being told by a friend that his dignified indisposition was the laugh of the green-room, pleasantly replied, "Though I love to make others laugh, yet I wish much rather they would make me a standing joke."

Anecdote.

Not long ago, two young sparks (linen-drapers as was supposed,) from a great city of the East, took up their residence at an Inn in the West Highlands (the landlord of which has been so graphically described by a contemporary as 'the rattling, roaring, ready-witted, warm-hearted, big-fisted Highlandman, that keeps what he himself calls the Travelling Emporium.') The youths in question soon began to 'smoke' Dugald the waiter (along with their segars), as the best method of showing their importance; and to such an extent did they harass the poor fellow, that, finding it impossible to please them, either with their victuals or his most assiduous services, he was constrained to inform his master, that, rather than go near them any more, he would be forced to leave the Emporium. Rory, on *hearing the complaint*, was not long in determining

on a way to punish 'the saucy scoondrels.' He therefore took the young gentlemen under his own especial charge, and soon discovered that Dugald had not been complaining unnecessarily; but to favour his design, they were served most obsequiously, and allowed to rail on. When the gentlemen were about to depart, the bill was demanded, but Rory charged every thing so extravagantly, that even the waiter, to whom it was shown, uttered an exclamation, in Gaelic, indicative of astonishment at its exorbitance. Nothing daunted, however, the account was presented, when, 'foaming with rage and fury,' the indignant strangers vociferated, "Pray, Mr. Boniface, is this your usual rate of charging?" "Oh, not at all, not at all, gentlemen," calmly replied Rory. "And why not, fellow?" "Because, gentlemen, it is not ordinary people we make our living by—and however much you may conceal your names, I know by your *manner* that you are noblemen." "Noblemen!" exclaimed the gentlemen, with great self-complacency. "Yes, noblemen," cried Rory, seeing the pill was going down. "Did I not find it out at once? You're noblemen in disguise—you need never deny it to me, my Lords," and bowing himself out of the apartment, almost suffocated with laughter, he retired to enjoy the joke with his household. In a minute after, the bill was settled in full, and Dugald, the waiter, received seven shillings and sixpence for his trouble.

Sharp Repartee.

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow?" said he,

"'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp."

Reason for Weeping.

A gentleman, taking an apartment, told the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, "I hope it was not, sir, because you went away without paying."

Patience.

A fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the eve of his departure from the University, preached at St. Mary's, upon these words, "*Have patience with me, and I will pay you all;*" and, owing a great sum of money in the town, enlarged mightily on the first part of the text, "*Have patience,*" *&c.* "Now," says he, "I should come to the second part, *and I will pay you all;* but having pressed too long on your patience, I must leave that till the next opportunity: so pray have patience with me!"

No Bad Exchange.

"How are you, this morning?" said Fawcett to Cooke. "Not at all myself," says the tragedian. "Then, I congratulate you," replied Fawcett; "for be whoever else you will, you will be a gainer by the bargain."

Anagram.

One of the happiest anagrams in any language is that which has been made from Pilate's question to our Saviour—'*Quid est veritas?*' (What is truth?)

These three words make the following anagrammatic sentence: *est vir qui adest.* (The man whom you see before you.)

Extreme Unction.

As the late Earl of Chesterfield and Lord Petre were once stepping out of a carriage, a great lamp, oil and all, fell from the centre of an iron arch before the house, missing Lord Petre by about half an inch. "Oh, my lord," said he, "I was near being gone!" "Why, yes," replied the Earl, coolly, "but there would certainly have been one comfort attending the accident, since you must infallibly have received extreme unction before you went."

Flying Colours.

Two gentlemen were at a coffee-house, when the discourse fell upon Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting; one of them said, that "his tints were admirable, but the colours flew." It happened, unluckily, that Sir Joshua was in the next stall, and he, taking up his hat, accosted them thus, with a low bow: "Gentlemen, I return you many thanks for bringing me off with *flying* colours."

Bon-Mot of Nelson.

Lord Nelson was as decided and animated in his intercourse with his friends as with the enemies of his country. Captain Berry had served with him in the unfortunate affair of Teneriffe; and, on their return to England, accompanied him to St. James's. The king, with his accustomed suavity, lamented *the gallant* admiral's wounds. "You have lost your *right arm*," observed his majesty. "But not my



right hand," replied the other, "as I have the honor of presenting Captain Berry to your majesty."

Anecdote of Quin.

Dining one day at a party in Bath, Quin uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed, "What a pity 'tis, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player." Quin fixed and flashed his eye upon the person, with this reply, "What would your lordship have me be?—a lord!"

A Cogent Reason for not Marrying.

A gentleman who paid his addresses to a lady in every respect qualified to make him an excellent wife, had been accustomed to spend almost every evening during a period of nearly thirty years at her house. A friend one morning met with him, and in the course of conversation said, "Why, in the name of fate, don't you marry Miss ——? You have known her now above thirty years; she is amiable, clever, has a good fortune, and is precisely the person you ought to choose for a wife." "Why," said he, "I have often thought of marrying her, but have as often been deterred by the reflection that I should then have *nowhere to spend my evenings.*"

I myself am Carlini.

An unfortunate man, miserably afflicted with a hypochondriacal complaint, consulted M. Tronchin, the physician. "You want amusement, sir," said

Tronchin to him; "go and see Carlini * he will make you laugh, and will do you more good, than any thing I can prescribe for you." "Alas! sir," said the patient, "*I myself am Carlini!*"

Honesty too Dear.

A magistrate remonstrating with a culprit of the poorer class, who had been frequently before him, asked him why he did not contrive to pursue an honest course? The other, who had got some gin under his girdle, replied, "Upon my soul, please your worship, I can't *afford* to be honest."

Kindness of a Carpenter.

A carpenter, having neglected to make a gibbet (which was ordered by the executioner), on the ground that he had not been paid for the last that he had erected, gave so much offence, that the next time the judge came the circuit, he was sent for. "Fellow, (said the judge, in a stern tone,) how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?" "I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter, "had I known it had been for your lordship, it should have been done immediately."

Gratitude.

A grotesque instance of the sudden power of gratitude, is shown in a modern Kentish anecdote, perfectly well attested. A person of Whitestable, named Patten, was well known in his own neighbourhood as a man of great oddity, great humour, *and* equally great extravagance. Once standing in

* A celebrated harlequin of the Italian comedy.

need of a new wig, his old one defying all further assistance of art, he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the business, to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honour of his new customer's company at his meal, to which Patten most readily consented. After dinner, a large bowl of punch was produced, and the happy guest, with equal readiness, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when Mr. Patten desired him to desist, saying, he should not make his wig. "Why not?" exclaimed the honest host; "have I done any thing to offend you, sir?" "Not in the least," replied the guest; "I find you are a very honest, good-natured fellow; so I will take somebody else in. Had you made it, you would never have been paid for it."

Bacchanalian Inquest.

A man not twenty miles from the capital of —— was the other day recognized by several *sober* citizens, in such a situation as to induce the belief that he was dead, and that he had come to his untimely fate, either by mischance or the hand of violence A magistrate was immediately called upon, who, after hastily referring to the statutes, and a book of forms and precedents, placed a volume under each arm, and with appropriate solemnity, moved to the fatal spot, calling, as he passed, on his neighbours to the number of fifteen, to serve as a jury of inquest. The jury was duly impannelled, sworn, and charged to declare of the death of the person, whether he died of felony, &c. when to the astonishment of all present, the apparently lifeless corpse

moved, faintly raising his head, and with the muffled tongue of a votary of Bacchus, exclaimed, "*I have an objection to one of the jury.*"

An Outline.

When the Duke de Choiseul, who was a remarkably meagre-looking man, came to London for the purpose of negotiating a peace, Charles Townsend, being asked whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered, "He did not know, but they had sent the outline of an ambassador."

Dr. Bentley.

When the great Bentley, afterwards so distinguished, was examined for deacon's orders, he expected that the bishop would himself examine him; and his displeasure at what he considered neglect he vented in such answers as the following:—

Chaplain.	Quid est fides?
Bentley.	Quod non vides.
C.	Quid est spes?
B.	Quid non habes.
C.	Quid est charitas?
B.	Maxima raritas.

This is said to have been enough to satisfy the chaplain, who took the rhymer to the bishop.

Striking Likeness.

Some years ago, a then itinerant portrait-painter, whose reputation has since risen much above the point it at that time occupied, being employed to delineate the features of a musician of some eminence, who had taken up his temporary quarters at a *watering*-place, the son of harmony was dissatis-

fied with the resemblance, and expressed his disapprobation rather strongly. "Whom is that like, my dear?" asked the mortified artist of a fine little boy, the eldest hope of his employer. "Papa!" said the child. "So it is, my darling—You see, sir, your son is a better judge of a likeness than yourself. And where is it like papa, my dear?" "It's very like papa *about the fiddle!*" was the answer. It is unnecessary to add, that no more questions were asked of the juvenile connoisseur.

Lord Bolingbroke.

The famous Lord Bolingbroke, being at Aix-la-chapelle, during the treaty of peace at that place, (at which time his attainder was taken off,) was asked by an impertinent Frenchman, whether he came there in any public character. "No, sir," replied his lordship, "I come like a French minister, with no character at all."

Lightning and Lotteries.

A few years since a respectable young man in Portland, among the thousands and thousands who had drawn blanks, blanks, blanks, drew a prize of five hundred dollars. His friends, we have no doubt, trembled for the consequences, lest it should lead him to dabble in lotteries till he was ruined. We were pleased, however, the other day, to hear him remark that on drawing the prize, he immediately came to the resolution *never to purchase another ticket!* and the reason which he gave pleased us still more. "He had heard folks say, *that lightning was never known to strike twice in one place.*"



What's in a Name.

On it being reported, in a party of ladies, that a Captain Silk had arrived in town, they exclaimed, with one exception, "What a name for a soldier!" "The fittest name in the world," rejoined a witty female; "for *silk* never can be *worsted*!"

Great Encouragement.

A gentleman about to join his regiment, stationed in the West Indies, was making some anxious inquiries of a brother officer, who had returned, after serving several years in that climate, concerning the best means of preserving health; to which the other replied, "During our passage out, many serious discussions took place about the mode of living best calculated to preserve health in a climate, with the fatal effects of which on European constitutions, every one is so well acquainted. Some determined to be temperate, and drink nothing but water; others, not deviating from their usual manner of living. Not to interrupt each other's plans, we agreed to separate into two distinct messes, which, from their different modes of living, very soon obtained the distinctive appellations of the sober and the drunken club." "Well," said the other gentleman, with some anxiety, "and what was the result?" "Why, truly, not very satisfactory: we buried all the members of the sober club in the course of a few months, and I am the only survivor of the drunken."

New Reading in Horace.

Sir Robert Walpole, at the close of his *administration*, was sitting one evening with some intimate *friends*, to whom he was complaining of the vanities

and vexations of office, adding, from the second epistle of the second book of Horace,

'Lusisti satis, edisti, atque bibisti;
Tempus abire tibi est.'

"Pray, Sir Robert," says one of his friends, "is that good Latin?" "Why, I think so—what objections have you to it?" "Why," says the other drily, "I did not know but that the word might be *bribe*-isti IN YOUR HORACE."

Punning Competition.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, and Charles Fox, one day enjoying a ride in the neighbourhood of Brighton, laid bets which of them should make the *worst* pun on the first subjects they met. Immediately after, meeting a man carrying a dead *hare* over his shoulder, Fox (who was to make the first essay of his wit) accosted him thus: "Friend, is that your own *hare* or a *wig?*" Riding a little farther on, they came up with two men, one of whom held a snuff-box in his hand. "So, friend," said the prince, "I see you are a snuffer." "Yes, sir," replied the man. "And are *you* a snuffer also?" says he to the other man. "I am, please your honour." "Well, then, you are a *pair of snuffers*." Fox gained the bet.

Almanacs.

A simple countryman lately went into a shop in Mansfield, Notts, to look at some almanacs. On being told the price, he exclaimed, "They're very dear!" "Yes," was the reply, "and they'll be dearer too, next year." This so staggered poor Johnny, that he exclaimed, "I'll have *three* before they do rise!" And, *sans ceremonie*, that number *so actually* purchased and paid for!

Naval Pun.

A gentleman inquiring of a naval officer why sailors generally take off their shirts on going into action, was answered, that "they were unwilling to have any *check* to fighting."

False Report.

A gentleman meeting an old friend, whom he had not seen for a long time, congratulated him on lately coming to the possession of a large landed estate. "There was such a report," replied the other; "but if you will believe me, it was quite *groundless*."

Diverting Vagabond.

Mossop, the player, always spoke in heroics. A cobbler in Dublin, who once brought home his bo refused to leave them without the money. Mo came in whilst he was disputing, and, looking st ly, exclaimed, "Tell me, are you the noted co I have often heard of?" "Yes," says the fe "and I think you the diverting vagabond I often seen."

Pluralities.

When George I. landed at Greenwich, th itants, after discussing the subject, of what highest honour they could confer upon th arrived sovereign, determined upon elect churchwarden, which was accordingly dispute, however, afterwards took place i try, as to whether he who was elected to office of king, could serve the office of chu at the same time.

John Kemble.

Perhaps no man ever acted so completely up to a character as Kemble. For the time he almost imagined himself to be the very thing he represented. The following example to the above rule happened one night at a provincial theatre, when John performed the character of Brutus. The unfortunate wight who that evening represented Mark Antony, fatigued by his exertions, sought, behind the scenes, refreshment from a tankard of cool porter. John, making an exit from the stage, caught the noble Antony in the very act! He shrank aghast from the horrid sight! Mark Antony drinking porter!!! Kemble struck the offending pewter-pot from the luckless actor's hands; ran to his tiring room, threw himself on a sofa; and much time elapsed before his brother actors could prevail upon him to continue the performance.

Like the Ministry.

Lord North, exulting over Charles Fox, on the news, in an extraordinary gazette, of New-York being conquered, the patriotic wit replied, "It is a mistake, sir; New-York is not conquered; it is only, like the ministry, *abandoned!*"

A Bonne Bouche.

An elderly lady, on a visit at Margate, went into the market, having made up her mind to buy a goose. There were but two in the market, both in the custody of a little cherry-cheeked lass from Birchington, who, to the surprise of her customer, positively refused to sell one without the other. Re-

collecting that a neighbour had also expressed a wish for one, the lady was, without much difficulty, prevailed on to take both. When the bargain was concluded, however, she thought proper to inquire of the vendor, why she had so peremptorily declined selling them separately? "If you please, my lady, was the *naïve* answer, "mother said as how the geese had lived together *fifteen years*, and it would be cruel to part them."

Ready Money Legacy.

An English stock-jobber, known for his unexampled parsimony, although possessed of an immense fortune, one day met a very poor man, one of his own relations. "Come hither, George," said the miser: "do you know I have just now made my will, and remembered you handsomely, my boy?" "God bless your honour," said the grateful man, "you will be rewarded for so charitable an action, for you could not have thought of a more distressed family." "Are you indeed so very poor, George?" "Sir, my family's starving!" said the man, almost crying. "Harkye, then, George, if you will allow me a good *discount*, I will pay your legacy immediately." We need not add, that the terms were accepted of, and that they parted equally pleased with the bargain they had concluded.

Equity.

A gentleman, resident at Harrow, made frequent complaints to the masters of the great school there, of his garden being stripped of its fruit, even before it became ripe—but to no purpose. Tired of applying to the masters for redress, he at length appealed to the boys and, sending for one to his house, he

said, "Now, my good fellow, I'll make this agreement with you and your companions: let the fruit remain on the trees till it becomes ripe, and I promise to give you half." The boy coolly replied, "I can say nothing to the proposition, sir, myself, but will make it known to the rest of the boys, and inform you of their decision to-morrow." To-morrow came, and brought with it this reply: "The gentlemen of Harrow cannot agree to receive so *unequal* a share, since Mr. ——— is an individual, and we are many."

Ben Barrett.

The facetious Ben Barrett, well known to every body in this country as a lover of fun and whiskey, while standing on the wharf in Albany, a great while ago, offered to bet a dollar that he could throw a man across the Hudson to Greenbush. A bystander accepted the bet, when Ben immediately seized and plunged him into the river. After some little exertion, he got ashore and demanded the stakes.—"Why," says Ben, "I didn't succeed the first time, to be sure; but I'll try a hundred times, if I don't do it without!"

No Deep Play.

Lord O——, saying that he made a point of never playing beyond the line of his own understanding; "Now, my lord," said the Countess of Buckinghamshire, "I see the reason you never play deep."

Philology.

A gentleman passing the shop of Mr. Haswel, tea-dealer, observed, his name would be *as well* without an *H*.

Johnson and Rousseau.

When Dr. Johnson was told that Rousseau's Confessions would contain, every motive that had induced him to act in every situation; "Then," replied he, "if he was an *honest man*, his book will not be worth a farthing."

Good Advertisement.

Stephen Kemble happening to pass through Newport Market, the butchers set up their usual cry of "What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?" Stephen parried this for some time, by saying, he did not want any thing. At last, a butcher started from his stall, and eyeing Stephen's figure from top to bottom, which certainly did not indicate that he fed on air, exclaimed, "Well, sir, though you do not now want any thing, only *say* you'll buy your meat of me, and you will make my fortune."

Total Abstinence.

Parson A. belonged to a Temperance Society, all *total abstinence* men; one of his friends had strange misgivings of the minister's cold water propensities. "Pray, Mr. A.," said he, "what is meant by *total abstinence?*" "Why," answered the shrewd clergyman, with a sly sneer, "it means *not to drink so fast as to choke yourself.*"

Fellow Feeling.

Dr. A——, physician at Newcastle, being summoned to a vestry, in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, he dwelt so long on the culprit's

misconduct, as to raise his choler, and draw from him this expression:—"Sir, I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as *I have covered so many blunders of yours!*"

Striking Analogy.

Bate Dudley had been telling a story to the Anacreontic Club, which purported to be entirely new, and which caused a great deal of laughter. Hewardine then observed, that the anecdote related by Mr. Dudley put him in mind of another nearly as facetious. He then repeated some venerable affair, which, whatever was its point, bore no more resemblance to Dudley's, than a white egg to a black hen. When it was concluded, Dudley turned to Hewardine with a stare of surprise, and observed, "That was a very humorous circumstance; but I can't see how my anecdote could remind you of it!" "No!" said Tom. "Why, I'll tell you,—your story is at the top of the leaf, page 17, Miller's old edition, and mine follows at the bottom!"

The Fast-Day.

A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work-people in a due attendance at church, on a fast-day, told them, that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day, in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, that "if he would pay them for *over hours*, they would attend likewise *at the Methodist* chapel in the evening!"

A Friend in Need.

A scholar declaiming in the college-hall, and having a bad memory, was at a stand, when, in a low voice, he desired one who stood close by him to help him out. "No," says the other, "methinks you are out enough already."

A Serious Repartee.

The Irish are very happy in their conversational tact, and the art of repartee. When an Irishman makes a blunder, he generally makes a good joke, and recompenses the error by the sly humour it conveys. Their satire, however, is superior to their mirth. French may be the language of love, was once well observed, English of business, but Irish is the language of expression. There is no other language, German not excepted, that expresses so much meaning in a few words. The Irish endeavour to translate this capacity into English, and to supply with dramatic effect the deficiency of expression. A Galway gentleman lately entered the coffee-house in London, and called for tea; his brogue attracted the attention of a scented civilian in an opposite box, who, relying upon his superior accent (*ac-scent?*) resolved to have a jest at the expense of the stranger. The civilian called for tea too; the Irishman called for muffins, so did the civilian; toast, milk, sugar, &c. were severally called for by the Irishman, and as severally echoed by the fop, who enjoyed in his corner the supposed embarrassment to which he was subjecting the Galway man. *At last*, with the greatest composure, and if possible a richer brogue, the Irishman desired the waiter to "*bring* up pistols for two."—The jester's echo was silent.

Tillotson.

It was well answered by Archbishop Tillotson, when King William III. complained of the shortness of his sermon, "Sire," said the archbishop, "could I have bestowed more time upon it, it would not have been so long."

Soot and Religion.

A dignified clergyman, going to his living to spend the summer, met near his house a comical old chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. "So, John," said the doctor, "whence come you?" "From your house, sir, where, this morning, I swept all your chimneys." "How many were there?" said the doctor. "No less than twenty," quoth John. "Well, and how much a chimney have you?" "Only a shilling apiece, sir." "Why then," quoth the doctor, "you have earned a great deal of money in a little time." "Yes, yes," says John, throwing his bag over his shoulder, "we *black-coats* get our money easy enough."

Anecdote of George II.

When Lord Chesterfield was in administration, he proposed a person to George II. as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another. The council, however, resolved not to indulge the king, for fear of a dangerous precedent. It was Lord Chesterfield's business to present the grant of the office for the king's signature. Not to incense his majesty, by asking him abruptly, he, with [illegible] *of great humility*, begged to know with whose name

his majesty would be pleased to have the blanks filled up? "With the devil's!" replied the king, in a paroxysm of rage. "And shall the instrument," said the earl, coolly, "run as usual, 'Our trusty well-beloved cousin and counsellor?'"—a repartee at which the king laughed heartily, and with great good humour signed the grant.

Wit in a Hobnail.

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock in a new coat. The parson asked, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? "The same people," said the shepherd, "that clothe you,—the parish." The parson, nettled a little, rode on murmuring a considerable way, and sent his man back to ask the shepherd, if he would come and live with him? for he wanted a fool. The man went to the shepherd accordingly, and delivered his master's message, concluding, that his master really wanted a fool. "Are you going away then?" said the shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then you may tell your master," replied the shepherd, "his living won't maintain *three* of us."

Captain Pierce.

Capt. Pierce, lately arrived at New-York, after bringing his vessel to an anchor, is said to have ordered an Irishman to throw over the *buoy*. The captain then went below, but coming on deck soon after asked the other if he had thrown over the *buoy*: he replied, "I could not catch the *boy*, so I *throwed* over the *old* cook!"

The Benevolent Widow.

There was a very benevolent widow living in Plymouth, in respectable circumstances, who frequently went to the theatre, and was kind enough to inquire into the private situations of various members of the company. Among others, she asked about Prigmore, and was told that he had but a small salary, and made a very poor appearance. Hearing this, she remembered that she had a pair of her late husband's indispensables in the house, which she resolved to offer him. A servant was, accordingly, dispatched to the object of her charity, who, meeting one of the actors, and partly disclosing her business, he went in search of Prigmore, and finding him, exclaimed, "Prigmore, my boy, here's your fortune made at last; here's a rich widow in the town has fallen in love with you, and wants to see you." Prigmore, not suspecting his roguery, was led to the servant, in a state of bewildered rapture, and by the latter was informed that the widow would be glad to see him any morning it was convenient. He appointed the following, and went home to his lodgings to indulge in a day-dream of golden independence. His friend, in the mean time, whispered the truth through the green-room, where there were two or three others wicked enough to join in the conspiracy, by walking to Prigmore's house to tender their congratulations. Prigmore, as will be supposed, passed a sleepless night, and spent an extra hour at his toilet the next morning, in adorning himself with a clean chin and neck-cloth. He then sallied forth, and, on reaching the widow's, was shown into her parlour, where, casting *his eyes around* on the substantial sufficiency of its

furniture, he began to felicitate himself on the aspect of his future home. The lady at length appeared: she was upon the verge of forty,—a very fashionable age at that time, which, resting upon the shoulders of a very comely looking woman, seemed to be in character with her very comfortable dwelling. Prigmore's satisfaction and her benevolence operated equally in producing some confusion: at length a conversation commenced. She acquainted him that she had heard his situation was not so agreeable as he could wish,—that his income was a confined one; she was, therefore, desirous to do him all the service that lay in her power. Prigmore, considering this an express declaration of her affection, was about to throw himself at her feet, when she suddenly summoned the servant, and exclaimed, "Rachel, bring the breeches!" These words astounded him, and he stared in her face like a block of marble; the widow, as suspicionless as himself of the hoax, could not interpret his wonder; but, on receiving the habiliments, folded them carefully up, and remarking that they were as good as new, (her husband having caught his fatal cold in them the first time he put them on,) begged Prigmore's acceptance of the same. "And was it for this you wanted me, madam?" exclaimed Prigmore, rising from his chair; his tone and countenance bespeaking a mixture of surprise and disappointment. "Yes, sir." He put on his hat, and walked to the door in silent indignation. The good woman, as much astonished as himself, followed him and said, "Won't you take the breeches, sir?" "No, madam," he replied, pausing at the door to make some bitter remark; "wear them yourself!" For the remainder of the season, his life was far from being enviable.

Coats and Arms.

A gentleman having called a ticket porter to carry a message, asked his name; he said it was Russel. "And pray," said the gentleman, jocularly, "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our *arms*, your honour," says the porter, "I believe they are much alike; but there is a great difference between our *coats*."

Elwes, the Miser.

The eldest son of Elwes, the celebrated miser, having fallen down with a ladder, when pulling some grapes, had the precaution to go into the village to the barber, and get blooded. On his return, he was asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm? He told his father what had happened, and that he had got bled. "Bled!" said the old gentleman; "but what did you give?" "A shilling," answered the boy. "Psha!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead; never part with your *blood*."

Elwes had two country-seats, the one in Suffolk, and the other in Berkshire: of these he gave the preference to the former, because his journey from town thither cost him only two-pence-halfpenny; that into Berkshire amounted to fourpence. At this time he was worth eight hundred thousand pounds.

Cause and Effect.

Two gentlemen happening to meet, the one observed, "So our friend ———, the attorney, is dead." "Yes, and I hear he left very few effects." "It *could not be* otherwise: he had very few causes."

A Bore.

A celebrated wit used to say of a very good-natured dull fellow, "*'Tis a thousand pities the fellow is not ill-natured! that one might kick him out of company.*"

Not a Bad Hit.

A gentleman expatiated on the justice and propriety of an *hereditary* nobility. "Is it not right," said he, "in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of those men who have been eminent for their services to the country, that their posterity should enjoy the honours conferred on them as a reward for such services?" "By the same rule," said a lady, "if a man is *hanged* for his misdeeds, *all his posterity should be hanged too.*"

Cutting Both Ways.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, once pressing the duke to take a medicine, with her usual warmth said, "I'll be *hanged* if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it, then, my lord duke, for it must be of service the one way or the other."

Infidel Wit repelled.

A gay young spark of deistical turn, travelling in a stage coach, forced his sentiments upon the company by attempting to ridicule the Scripture, and, among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliah; strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink it into a

giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and particularly to a grave old gentleman, of the denomination called Quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage: "Indeed, friend," replied he, "I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

A Disconsolate House.

A man being asked by his neighbour, how his wife did? made this answer: "Indeed, neighbour, the case is pitiful: my wife fears she *shall die*, and I fear she *will not die*, which makes a most *disconsolate house*."

New Oppositionist.

A dog having one day got into the House of Commons, by his barking interrupted Lord North, who happened to be opening one of his budgets. His lordship pleasantly inquired by what new oppositionist he was attacked? A wag replied, "It was a member for *Bark*-shire."

Fox and Sheridan.

Sheridan was down at Brighton one summer, when Fox, the manager, desirous of showing him some civility, took him all over the theatre, and exhibited its beauties. "There, Mr. Sheridan," said Fox, who combined twenty occupations, without being clever in one, "I built and painted all these boxes, and I painted all these scenes." "Did you," said Sheridan, surveying them rapidly; "well, I should not, I am sure, have known you were a Fox by *your brush*."

Nerves.

A Dowager Duchess of Bedford, in her eighty-fifth year, was living at Buxton, at a time when it was the medical farce of the day for the faculty to resolve every complaint of whim and caprice into 'a shock of the nervous system.' Her grace, after inquiring of many of her friends in the room, what brought them there? and being generally answered 'for a nervous complaint,' was asked in her turn, what brought her to Buxton? "I came only for pleasure," answered the hale old lady, "for, thank God, I was born before nerves came into fashion."

Logical Illustration.

A layman in Providence, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in the existence of a Deity. "Brethren,—I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being, as I am that there is flour in Alexandria; and that I know for certain, as I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels, fresh, superfine, which I will sell as low as any person in town."

Substance and Shadow.

A fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," replied the man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre." "In what shape did it appear?" inquired the priest. "It appeared in the shape of a great ass." "Go home, and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor, "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

Professional Enthusiasm.

Brindley, an engineer, carried his attachment to artificial navigations so far, that, when examined before the House of Commons, he spoke of rivers with most sovereign contempt. One of the members asked him for what purpose he apprehended rivers to have been created? To this, after a moment's pause, he replied, "To feed navigable canals."

Sycophancy Caricatured.

At a time when Queen Elizabeth was making one of her progresses through the kingdom, a mayor of Coventry, attended by a large cavalcade, went out to meet her majesty, and usher her into the city with due formality. On their return, the weather being very hot, as they passed through a wide brook, Mr. Mayor's horse several times attempted to drink, and each time his worship checked him, which her majesty observing, called out to him, "Mr. Mayor! Mr. Mayor! let your horse drink, Mr. Mayor;" but the magistrate, veiling his bonnet, and bowing very low, modestly answered, "Nay, nay, may it please your majesty's horse to drink first."

What's a' the Hurry

My excellent friend, says a living writer, now known as the Ettrick Shepherd, was, fifteen or twenty years ago, a member of the Forum, then a popular debating society. He had taken it into his head that he was an orator, and, in order to give greater effect to his speech, he had planted himself in a conspicuous and commanding situation in the gallery. The church (in Carrubber's close) was *crowded to excess.* The president had proposed,

and I had opened the question; it was, as I well remember, upon the comparative happiness of the married and the single state. Hogg was then unmarried, and a staunch antagonist. I had espoused the side of matrimony, and found that the cause I advocated was not unpopular. Hogg rose in reply. For a space, his appearance, though somewhat Doric and uncouth, was rather imposing, and he dwelt amongst "squalling weans, and scolding Kates" with all the address of the gudeman of Auchtermuchty. I began, in fact, to fear that the audience was disposed to go along with him, when, all at once, he paused, and, after some instants of breathless suspense, pulled from his pockets the contents of his seemingly extempore address. A gentleman, who occupied a situation in the body of the church, having observed the pause, without seeing the occasion of it, and imagining that the speaker had stopped as a mill pauses, for want of an encouraging moving force, exclaimed, in a tone and manner ludicrously resembling those of an orator, "Go on, honest man!" Hogg coolly snuffed the candle which was attached to the adjoining pillar, and, opening out his papers slowly and deliberately, said, with the utmost composure, "What's a' the hurry?" When I see the world a-gog, and a-drive, and a-push, and a-struggle, in every direction into which perverted genius has sent it a wool-gathering, I am ever and anon disposed to exclaim, with my old friend Hogg, "What's a' the hurry?"

A New Translation.

A country 'squire asked his son, who had been at a Latin school, what was the meaning of the words *nemini secundus*? "Why, father," said he, "that is a man who was never second to any one in a duel."

A Traveller's Bull.

A modern traveller, in a late publication, states, that the *women* of Sunda, near Fez, are the best *horsemen* in the world.

The Blind and the Blind.

A gentleman disputing about religion in Button's coffee-house, some of the company said, "You talk of religion—I'll hold you five guineas you can't repeat the Lord's prayer: Sir Richard Steele here shall hold the stakes." The money being deposited, the gentleman began, "I believe in God," and so went through his creed. "Well!" said the other, "I own I have lost it; but did not think you could have done it."

Sympathy.

The late Duke of Grafton, when hunting, was thrown into a ditch: the next moment a young curate calling out, "Lie still, your grace!" leapt over him, and pursued his sport. Such an apparent want of feeling, we might presume, was properly resented —not so. On being assisted to remount, the duke said, "That young man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal; had he stopped to have taken care of me, I never would have patronized him:" being delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter."

A Circuitous lie.

A shoemaker, who did not choose to tell absolute falsehoods, contrived as well as he could to evade *such as his* profession occasionally compelled him to

use. When he had cut out the leather for
shoes, he laid it down upon the floor a
once or twice around it. If then asked b
tomers whether he had done the shoes,
truly answer, "No, but I *have been about*
[The moral offence is the same, becau
it was not a *direct lie*, it was a *circuitous*

Ben Jonson.

Lord Craven, in King James the Fir
was very desirous to see Ben Jonson; wh
told to Ben, he went to my lord's house;
in a very shabby condition, the porter re
admittance, with some saucy language,
other did not fail to return. My lord, hap
come out while they were wrangling, ask
casion of it? Ben, who stood in need of
speak for him, said, "He understood hi
desired to see him." "You, friend!" said
"who are you?" "Ben Jonson," replied
"No, no," quoth his lordship, "you canno
Jonson who wrote the *Silent Woman*; y
if you could not say Bo to a goose." "I
Ben. "Very well," said my lord, who
pleased at the joke than offended at the a
am now convinced you are Ben Jonson."

The Quack Doctor.

A quack doctor, in one of his bills, said
bring living witnesses to prove the effica
nostrum, "which is more," says he, "than
my line can do."

Charming Condescension.

On one occasion, when John Kembl
Hamlet in the country, the gentleman
Guildenstern was, or imagined himself to



tal musician. Hamlet asks him, "Will y upon this pipe?" "My lord, I cannot." " seech you." "Well, if your lordship insis I shall do as well as I can;" and to the c of Hamlet, and the great amusement of t ence, he played *God save the king.*

The Miser.

An old miser, who had a footman that ha appetite, and ate fast, but was slow when s message, used to wish that his servant w with his feet, and walk with his teeth.

Editorial Dilemma.

During the *dead* season, the editor of a paper being much distressed for matter, ra every hole and corner for intelligence, an having, as he thought, completed his task, s to dinner with what appetite he might. In t dle of it he was interrupted by the entranc familiar, *alias* 'the devil,' demanding "more "D—n the fellow! more copy?" said he. have you put in the story of the tremendous room found in Mr. Jones's field?" "Yes, sir.' the account of the prodigious crop of appl ered from Mr. Timms's tree?" "Yes, sir." about Mr. Thompson's kitten being suckl hedgehog." "Yes, sir."—"And Mr. Smith' ful accident with his one-horse chaise as h down Holborn Hill?"—"Yes, sir."—"Ab men who stole the corn out of the stacks farm-yard?" "Yes, sir, it is all up, but still a line and a half wanting." "Then ad he, with the utmost dignity, "*that they most ci-ous-ly took and threshed* it out on the prev

A Dirty Witness.

German gentleman, in the course of a strict
s-examination on a trial during the Oxford cir-
, was asked to state the exact age of the defend-
" "Dirty," (thirty) was the reply. "And pray,
, are you his senior, and by how many years?"
Why, sir, I am *dirty-two*."

Epigram.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the *half* you pilfer'd best;
But sure the drama you might mend—
Take courage, man! and *steal the rest*.

Duchess of Marlborough.

The proud duke of Somerset, a little time before
his death, paid a visit to Sarah, duchess of Marlbo-
rough, who insisted on his drinking with her a
glass of Tokay, which had been presented to her
husband by the emperor. He assented, and she ad-
dressed him as follows:—"My lord, I consider
your grace drinking a glass of wine with me as a
very high honour, and I beg leave to propose two
healths, the most unpopular imaginable, and which
nobody in the three kingdoms except ourselves
would drink: Here is your health and mine."

Long Pause.

A great teller of stories was in the midst of a
of them, at his evening club, when notice w
brought him that a ship, in which he was going
the West Indies, was on the point of sailing;
was therefore obliged to break off abruptly.

on his return from Jamaica some years afterwards, he repaired to the club, and taking possession of his old seat by the fireside, he resumed his tale: "Gentlemen, as I was saying"——

Quackery.

"Ma'am," said a quack of Long Island to a nervous old lady, "your case is a scrutunuturury complaint." "Pray, Doctor, what is that?" "It is the dropping of the nerves, ma'am, the nerves having fallen in the pizarintum, the chist becomes morberous, and the head goes tisarizen, tisarizen!"—"Ah! Doctor," exclaimed the old lady, "you have described my feelings exactly."

General Wolfe.

General Wolfe, happening to overhear a young officer talk of him in a very familiar manner, as, "Wolfe and I drank a bottle of wine together," and so on, appeared, and said, "I think you might say General Wolfe." "No," replied the subaltern, with a happy presence of mind, "did you ever hear of General Achilles, or General Julius Cæsar?"

Amendment Amended.

A member of parliament making a motion to bring in a bill for repairing a very bad road, in a particular county, another member stood up and said, "It would be more economical to pass an act for making it navigable."

Real Danger.

A physician being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, grand salutariums, &c. expressed his



surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. "Not so trifling neither," replied the quack; "for, to tell you the truth, I have, by a mistake, taken some of my own pills."

Professional Blindness.

Sir Joshua Reynolds studied originally under Hudson, an English portrait-painter, who bestowed very liberally on his customers fair tie-wigs, blue velvet coats, and white satin waistcoats. He afterwards went to Italy, where he studied three years. On his return, he hired a large house in Newport Street, and the first specimen he gave of his abilities, was a boy's head in a turban, richly painted in the style of Rembrandt, which so attracted Hudson's attention, that he called every day to see it in its progress; and perceiving, at last, no trace of his own manner left, exclaimed, "Really, Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England."

Speaking Oysters.

An honest Jonathan, from Berkshire, on his visit to the metropolis, was awakened one night, by hearing the cry of "Oyst' buy any oysters!" in the mellifluous tones of a vendor of these luscious shell-fish, who was passing under the windows of the hotel.

A noise so new to his ear, startled him, and he aroused his room-mate to inquire what it meant. "They are only oysters," replied his fellow-lodger, pettishly.—"Oysters!" exclaimed Jonathan in astonishment, "and do *oysters hollur* as loud as that?"

Counsellor Dunning.

Counsellor Dunning was cross-examining an old woman, who was an evidence in a case of assault, respecting the identity of the defendant. "Was he a tall man?" says he. "Not very tall; much about the size of your honour." "Was he well-looked?" "Not very; much like your honour." "Did he squint?" "A little; but not so much as your honour."

George I.

King George I. was remarkably fond of seeing the play of Henry VIII., which had something in it that peculiarly hit the taste of that monarch. One night being very attentive to that part of the play where the king commands Wolsey to write circular letters of indemnity into every part of the country, where the payment of certain taxes had been disputed, and remarking the manner in which the minister artfully communicated these commands to his secretary Cromwell, whispering thus:—

'Let there be letters writ to every shire
Of the king's grace and pardon: the grieved Commons
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be noised,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes—'

The king could not help smiling at the craft of the minister, in filching from his master the merit of the good action, though he himself had been the author of the evil complained of; and, turning to the Prince of Wales, (afterwards George II.) he said, "You see, George, a minister will be a minister in every age and in every reign."

Richard Cromwell.

When, in 1650, Richard Cromwell succeeded his father Oliver, in the protectorship, he received addresses from all parties in the kingdom, filled with the most extravagant professions of standing by him with their lives and fortunes, at the very moment that they were plotting his destruction. Richard was not quite so blind to all this as the world imagined; for after seven months' mock government, as he was giving orders for the removal of his own furniture from Whitehall, he observed with what little ceremony they treated an old trunk, and begged of them to move it more carefully, "Because," added he, "it contains the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England."

Dr. South.

Dr. South begins a sermon on this text, 'The wages of sin is death,' as follows:—"Poor wages indeed, that a man can't live by."

Severe Retort.

Soon after Lord Sidney's elevation to the peerage, he happened to observe in company, that authors were often very ridiculous in the titles they gave. "That," said a gentleman present, "is an error from which even kings appear not to be exempt."

All's Well.

The Captain of a privateer writing to his owners an account of an engagement, felicitated them on the general safety of his crew, having had only one of his hands shot through the nose.



Eccentric Recommendation.

Swift once gave a gentleman of very good character and fortune, a letter of recommendation to Pope, couched in the following terms:—"Dear Pope, though the little fellow that brings this, be a justice of peace, and a member of our Irish house of commons, yet he may not be altogether unworthy of your acquaintance."

Holiday.

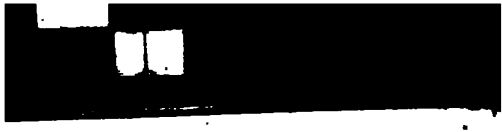
A gentleman, seeing the town-crier of Bristol one market-day standing unemployed, asked him the reason. "O," replied he, "I can't *cry* to-day, my wife is dead."

Blood of Cromwell.

A grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who was remarkable for her vivacity and humour, being in company at Tunbridge Wells, a gentleman, who had taken great offence at some sarcastic remarks she had made, rudely said, to insult her, "I think, madam, you would hardly give yourself so many airs, had you recollected that your grandfather was hanged." To which she immediately replied, "Yes, sir; but please to recollect, he was not hanged till after he was dead."

Charles II. and Rochester.

King Charles II. being at bowls, and having laid a bowl very near the jack, cried out, "My soul to a horse-hair, nobody beats that." "Lay odds," says Rochester, "and I'll take you."



Dreadful Ghost Story.

Communicated to the Editor of the U. S. Gazette.

Mr. Chandler—Little did I think when I last addressed you, that it would so soon be my painful duty to acquaint you with one of the most shocking occurrences ever recorded in the history of events. My flesh yet creeps, and the blood yet curdles at my heart, as I recall the terrible scene. As I was sitting, last evening, in social conversation with a circle of friends, one of the family, who had been absent an hour or more, came in, and after joining in the most rational and cheerful manner in our chat for a short time, he arose, and pleading fatigue, bade us good night.—Scarcely an instant had elapsed, before we heard a noise like the trampling of ten horsemen on the stairs,—the door burst open, and our terrified friend, Col. G. rushed into the room. The candle fell from the candlestick, which remained firm in his grasp—his hair stood wildly out—his eyes distended to a hideous size, and his pallid lips quivered with excessive emotion. We all started to our feet, and when we could command utterance, asked with one voice the cause of his intense agitation; the cold sweat ran in torrents down his forehead and cheeks, and his contracted mouth seemed scarcely able to move the rigid muscles as he asked—"Who is in my bed?" "In your bed!" exclaimed my respected aunt with a look of dignity, —"no one—have not you been too high up and got into the servants' room?" "No no!" with emphasis, "there is a MAN in my bed." "Oh!" said I, "it is some drunken fellow who has got in by mistake." "Why, Col." said S. B. "you look awfully *frightened*"—"If you had seen what I did, you

would have been frightened too"—was the answer, in a deep sepulchral tone broken with agony. "Good Heavens!" said Dr. M. "what does it look like?" "It is a most *hor*-ri-ble sight!" said Col. G. with each syllable frightfully distinct. He then proceeded with something more of calmness, "It is a tremendous man, with the countenance of a *fiend*—livid complexion like death—hollow cheeks and glaring fiery eyes—I spoke; but he made no answer, only *opening his eyes wider and wider*, and fixing them on mine, while sparks seemed to issue from their brightness." We all shuddered at the horrible picture, and after some hurried exclamations of suspense and horror, we agreed to divide forces. My aunt and I were to stay in the parlour, to protect the lower story—a lady guest of strong nerves, was to remain with two sleeping children, and their mother, on the second floor—and the three gentlemen were to proceed to the scene of action, to rout the terrible intruder. But a sound as of an army with banners, came down the stairway; and, tumbling head over heels, the champions reappeared in a miraculously short time—reporting the appearance of the intruder with tenfold additional horrors. "He has black mustachios—he has crawled up there and is dying—he has not got any legs!" exclaimed S. B. "Let us call the watch," said Col. G.—But as he spoke, in came a fourth, one of the efficient members of the family—to whom, in few words, the facts were related. They then concluded, after much debate, that having now four able-bodied men, and three fearless women, they would not call the guardian of the night, until it should appear necessary. Thus reinforced, they again mounted, in close file, and marched a second time to the door of the haunted room. After some

dispute about the etiquette of precedence, it was allowed, that as the affair was entirely Col. G.'s, common politeness gave him the post of honour—in the van—and he entered, holding the light in one hand, and the door in the other, and in a voice of admirable firmness and dignity, said "*Holla, friend!*" Thus encouraged, J. F. W. exclaimed, "Get out of that!" "You have got to go down faster than you came up," added S. B.—Still the fearful visage glared fearfully on them, but was *silent*. At last, with one almost superhuman effort, J. F. W. (after seeing that the path to the stairs was unobstructed) wound himself up to a sublime pitch of courage—leaned forward and *turned down the bedclothes!* Awful moment! the giant head, with slow and gradual motion, rolled to the edge of the bed—balanced—and *fell!!!—It was a wooden head of Esculapius!!!* C. A. S.

P. S. The parties are all as well as could be expected; it is hoped that the health, and even the shattered intellects of our friend Col. G. may with good care be restored—and he may yet live to be a blessing to a large circle of friends, which he adorns: and to defend the liberties of his country with his valiant arm, whenever she shall need that defence.

Dunning Extraordinary.

A tradesman pressing a gentleman very much for payment of his bill, the latter said, "You need not be in so great a hurry, I am not going to run away." "I do not imagine you are, sir," returned the tradesman, "but I am."



James II. and Waller.

King James II. having a wish to converse with Waller, the poet, sent for him one afternoon, and took him into his closet, where was a very fine picture of the Princess of Orange. The king asked him his opinion of the picture, on which Waller said, he thought it extremely like the greatest woman that ever lived in the world. "Whom do you call so?" said the king. "Queen Elizabeth," replied the other. "I wonder, Mr. Waller," said the king, "that you should think so; for she owed all her greatness to her council, and that indeed, it must be admitted was a wise one." "And pray, sir," said Waller, "did your majesty ever know a fool choose a wise council?"

Dr. Johnson.

When Dr. Johnson visited the University of St. Andrew's, he took occasion to inquire of one of the professors into the state of their funds, and being told that they were not so affluent as many of their neighbours, "No matter," said the doctor drily; persevere in the plan you have formed, and you will get rich *by degrees.*"

March of Politeness.

Complaisance is no longer confined to the polite circles. A captain of a vessel was lately called out of a coffee-house at Wapping by a waterman, with the following address: "An't please your honour, the tide is waiting for you."

Gas.

"Let there be light," was commanded before we were ushered into this breathing world, and light there was. So it was at a certain ball given lately by 'gas light,' at a certain fashionable hotel. "Miss ———," said a gentleman, "allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, Mr.———;" but sudden darkness came over the hall. The music stopped—all but one solitary fiddler, who, by the particular request of a fair lady, struck up, "Where is my lover, or where has he gone?" No one dared to move. The manager bid some one strike upon the bell; but who could tell where the bell was to be found? Silence was commanded, and the master of the dance exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "Give me but *light*, and Ajax asks no more." It had the desired effect —Ajax had light, and the ball went on.

Hackney Coachman.

A hackney coachman, after putting up his horses in the evening, took out the money he had received during the day, in order to make a division between his master and himself. "There," said he, "is one shilling for master, and one for me;" and so on alternately till an odd shilling remained. Here he hesitated between conscience and self-interest, when the master, who happened to be a concealed spectator, said, "I think, Thomas, you may allow me the odd shilling, as I keep the horses."

No Reason to Remove.

A gentleman dined one day with a dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over, before the gentleman fell *asleep*, but was awakened by the divine, and invited



to go and hear him preach. "I beseech you, sir," said he, "to excuse me; I can sleep very well where I am."

Exclusive Plumber.

Holroyd, king's plumber, stood in the pit of the theatre at the time that Hatfield fired at King George III., and it was reported, that by his lifting up the assassin's arm at the moment he was firing, the pistol was raised, so that the ball went higher than the box his majesty was seated in. Some one observed, that "This was a very loyal thing in the plumber." "Why, yes," replied a gentleman present, "it looks like it; but the motive might possibly be selfish; it perhaps arose from Holroyd not choosing that any one should serve the king with *lead* except himself."

Charles II.

As James II., when duke of York, returned one morning from hunting, he found his brother Charles in Hyde Park without any attendants, at what was considered a perilous time. The duke expressed his surprise at his majesty's venturing alone in so public a place, at so dangerous a period. "James," replied the monarch, "take care of yourself, and I am safe. No man in England will kill *me* to make *you* king."

Psalms.

In olden times, when it was a custom in many parts of New-England to sing the psalms and hymns by 'deaconing' them, as it was called, that was, by the deacon's reading each line previous to its being sung; one of these church dignitaries rose and after



looking at his book some time, and making several attempts to spell the words, apologized for the difficulty he experienced in reading, by observing,

"My eyes indeed are very blind."

The choir, who had been impatiently waiting for a whole line, thinking this to be the first of a common metre hymn, immediately sang it. The good deacon exclaimed, with emphasis,

"I cannot see *at all.*"

This, of course, they also sung, when the astonished pillar of the church cried out,

"I really b'lieve you are bewitched!"

Response by the choir, "I really b'lieve you are bewitched."—Deacon:

"The deuce is in you all!"

The choir finished the verse by echoing the last line, and the deacon sat down in despair.

Foote.

Foote, having been invited to dine with the duke of Leinster, at Dublin, gave the following account of his entertainment:—"As to the splendour, as far as it went, I admit it, there was a very fine sideboard of plate; and if a man could have swallowed a silversmith's shop, there was enough to satisfy him; but as to all the rest, his mutton was white, his veal was red, the fish was kept too long, the venison not kept long enough: to sum up all, every thing was cold, except his ice; every thing sour except his vinegar."

Reformation.

A gentleman, remarking that this age was infinitely more dissipated and licentious than that which preceded it, an old officer took upon himself



the task of defending it. "Sir," says he, "I grant, we get drunk as completely as our fathers; but this I will say, that I have not seen a wig burnt these forty years."

Invisible and Incomprehensible.

A preacher, whose sermons were beyond human understanding, was wont on Saturday to keep unseen by any one, in order to compose sublime discourses for next day; on which a wit observed, that the doctor was invisible on Saturday in order that he might be incomprehensible on Sunday.

Erskine and Jekyll.

Mr. Erskine one morning complained to Mr. Jekyll of a pain in his bowels. "I could recommend one remedy," said the latter; "but I am afraid you will not find it easy to get at it." "What is it?" eagerly rejoined Mr. Erskine. "Get made attorney-general, and then you will have no bowels at all."

Irish Circumlocution.

Observing one day an unusual commotion in the streets of Derry, I inquired of a bystander the reason; and he, with a mellifluous brogue, replied in the following metaphorical manner:—"The rason, sir? why you see that jusuice and little Larry O'Hone, the carpenter, have been putting up a pisture frame, at the end of the strate yonder, and they are going to hang one of Adam's copies in it."—"What's that?" "Why, poor Murdock [illegible]" "Oh, there's a man to be hung?—Do they put up a gallows for any other purpose? What is his offence?"—"No

offence, your honour, it was only a liberty he took." "Well, what was the liberty?" "Why you see, sir, poor Murdock was in delicate health, and his physician advised that he should take exercise on horseback! and so, having no horse of his own, he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's paddock! and no sooner was he on its shoulders, than the Devil put it into the creacher's head to go over to Kellogreen cattle fair, where he had a good many acquaintances, and when he got there Murdock spied a friend at the door of a shebeen house, and left the animal grazing outside, whilst he went in to have a thimbleful of whiskey; and then you see they got frisky, and had another, and another, till poor Murdock went to sleep on the binch; and when he woke up, he found the creacher gone, and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money." "In short," said I, "you mean to say he has been horse-stealing?"—"Why, sir," he replied, stammering and scratching his head, "they call it so in England."

Good Reason.

A certain secretary of state, being asked by an intimate friend, why he did not promote merit, aptly replied, "Because merit did not promote me."

Johnson and Boswell.

Dr. Johnson and Boswell, being at Bristol, were by no means pleased with their inn. "Let us now see," said Boswell, "how we should describe it." Johnson was ready with his raillery. "Describe it, sir! why, it was so bad—so very bad, that Boswell wished to be in Scotland."



Insurance.

In a storm at sea, when the sailors were all at prayers, expecting every moment to go to the bottom, a passenger appeared quite unconcerned. The captain asked him how he could be so much at his ease in this awful situation. "Sir," says the passenger, "my life's insured."

Boswell and Johnson.

Boswell observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland, "I believe, sir, you are very right," says Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

Either Way.

"Will you have me?" said a young man to a modest little girl. "No, John," said she, "but you may have me, if you will."

Conjuror and no Conjuror.

A fellow, who went about the country playing sleight-of-hand tricks, was apprehended and carried before the sapient mayor of a town, who immediately ordered him to be committed to prison. "For what?" said the fellow "Why, sirrah, the people say you are a conjuror!" "Will your worship give me leave to tell you what the people say of you?" "Of me? what dare they say of me, fellow?" "They say you are no conjuror."

Benevolence of George III.

When Lord North introduced Dr. Robertson to the king, his majesty made many inquiries concerning the medical professors of Edinburgh, and the state of the college, of which the doctor was principal. Being thus taken upon his own ground, the historian expatiated at large with gravity and decorum on the merits of the Edinburgh College; mentioned the various branches of learning which were taught in it, the number of students that flocked to it from all quarters of the world; and, in reply to his majesty's particular inquiries concerning it as a school of physic, he observed, that no college could boast of conferring the degree of physic on so many gentlemen as that of Edinburgh; for it annually sent out more than forty physicians, besides vast quantities of those who exercise the lower functions of the faculty, as surgeons, apothecaries, &c. "Heaven," exclaimed the king, interrupting the doctor, "Heaven have mercy on my poor subjects!"

Sir John Millicent.

One asked Sir John Millicent, a man of wit, how he did not to conform to the grave justices his brethren, when they met. "Indeed," answered he, "I have no other way to do, than to drink myself down to the capacity of the bench."

The Fishmonger.

A gentleman cheapening fish at a stall, and being asked what he thought an unconscionable price, exclaimed,—"Do you suppose I pick up my money in the street?" "No, sir," replied the vendor, "*but I do.*"

Reasonable Fear.

"I am afraid of the lightning," murmured a pretty woman, during a thunder-storm. "Well you may be," sighed a despairing adorer, "when your heart is steel."

The Blessings of Trial by Jury.

A juryman, not so pliant as many, was repeatedly singular in his opinion, but so determined as always to bring over the other eleven. The judge asked him once, how he came to be so fastidious? "My lord," said he, "no man is more open to conviction than I am; but I have not met with the same pliancy in others; for it has generally been my lot to be on a jury with *eleven obstinate men*."

The Brewer.

A brewer was drowned in his own vat. Mr. Jekyll, being informed of the circumstance, said, that the verdict of the jury should be,—"Found floating on his *watery bier!*"

Slave Trade.

Sir John Doyle being told in the house of commons, by those interested in keeping up the slave trade, that the slaves were happy, he said, it reminded him of a man whom he had once seen in a warren, sewing up the mouth of a ferret: he remonstrated with the man upon the cruelty of the act, but he answered,—"Lord, sir, the ferret *likes* it above all things."

Lord Shaftesbury.

The history of this nobleman, in the *Biographia Britannica*, is a mere panegyric on him. A bon-mot of himself conveys the truest idea of his character. Charles the Second said to him one day, "Shaftesbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." He bowed and replied, "Of a *subject*, sir, I believe I am."

Good Repartee.

A gentleman, says a late London paper, walking past Westminster bridge, inquired how the bridge answered. The reply was ready and witty—"If you'll step to the gate, you'll be *toll'd*."

New Way to Pay Old Debts.

A fire happening at a public house, a man, passing at the time, entreated one of the firemen to play the engine upon a particular door, and backed his request by the bribe of a shilling. The fireman consequently complied, upon which the arch rogue exclaimed,—"You've done what I never could do; for, egad, you've liquidated my score!"

Smart Retort.

Lord B—— wore his whiskers extremely large. Curran meeting him, "Pray, my lord," said he, "when do you intend to reduce your whiskers to the *peace establishment*?" "When you, Mr. Curran," said his lordship, "put your tongue upon the *civil list*."

Bruising Match.

A provincial paper, giving an account of a bruising match between two men of the names of Hill and Potter, concluded by saying,—"That after sixteen rounds, *Hill* beat his antagonist *hollow*."

The Rising Generation.

A methodist parson observed, in one of his discourses, that "such was the change in the public manners of the nation, that the *rising* generation rarely *lie down* till three o'clock in the morning."

Orthography.

The following correspondence occurred lately:—'Mr. P.'s compliments to Mr. Q., and thinks it unnecessary his *piggs* should go through his ground.' Whereupon Mr. Q. replied thus; 'Mr. Q.'s compliments to Mr. P., and thinks it unnecessary to spell pigs with two *gees*."

The Miser's Advice.

The following advice was left by a miser to his nephew: 'Buy your coals in summer; your furniture at auctions, about a fortnight after quarter-day; and your books at the *fall of the leaf*.'

Advertisement.

Some years ago, there appeared in the English papers an advertisement, which much resembles our notions of an Irish bull, in these words, which are *the title to the* advertisement:—'Every man his *own washer-woman!*'



The Worst of all Crimes.

An old offender being asked, whether he had committed all the crimes laid to his charge? answered,—"I have done still worse—I suffered myself to be apprehended."

Welsh Tourists.

A Welsh tourist, among many other *judicious* observations, remarked, that the *mad*-house of Lanark was in a very *crazy* state.

Charity known by its Fruits.

An ill-natured cynic said that the charity of a beneficent neighbour was induced by a wish to be extolled. "Ay, sir," said the object of the charity, "if we see the *hands* of the clock go *right*, we are very sure that the mechanism inside cannot be going very *wrong*."

Sensibility.

A lady who had pretensions to the most refined feelings, went to her butcher, to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices. "How," said she, "can you be so barbarous as to put innocent little lambs to death?" "Why not, madam?" said the butcher; "you wouldn't eat them alive, would you?"

Trade.

A gentleman passing Milford church-yard, a few days since, observing the sexton digging a grave, addressed him with—"Well, how goes trade in your line, friend?" "Very *dead*, sir!" was the reply.

Selden.

When the learned John Selden was a member of the assembly of divines at Westminster, who were appointed to new-model religion, he delighted to puzzle them by curious quibbles. Once they were gravely engaged in determining the exact distance between Jerusalem and Jericho; and one of them, to prove it could not be great, observed, "That *fish* were carried from one place to the other." On which Selden observed, "Perhaps it was *salt* fish;" which again threw the assembly into doubt.

Gratifying Reflection.

An English baronet, being asked when he should finish his house, ingenuously answered, "Sir, it is a question whether I shall finish my house, or my house finish me."

Alderman Wood.

A certain alderman, when young, was thought clever at carving figures from *wood*. He was asked from whence he copied them? "Nowhere," said the worthy dignitary; "I made 'em all *out of my own head*."

Thus Pallas sprang from brains of Jove.

Mathematical Wind.

One morning, after a tempestuous night during which several trees were rooted up, Dr. Vince, of Cambridge, met a friend, who said, "Good morning, *doctor; a terrible* wind this!" "Yes, sir," replied *the doctor, smiling*; "quite a mathematical wind *for I see it has extracted several roots*!"

Lord Clonmel.

The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more than a shilling for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied provided it was a good one. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following extraordinary precaution to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one:—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God. Is this a good shilling? Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and handwriting?"

Bon-Mot of George IV.

The late king, when prince of Wales, attending Lewes races, one day, when a drenching rain kept away the greater part of the expected attendants, on its being observed how few of the nobility had been upon the course, "I beg pardon," said the prince; "I think I saw a very handsome *sprinkling* of the nobility."

Welsh Gentility.

When James I. was on the road near Chester, he was met by such numbers of the Welsh, who came out of curiosity to see him, that, the weather being dry, and the roads dusty, he was nearly suffocated He was completely at a loss in what manner to get rid of them civilly; at last one of his attendants, putting his head out of the coach, said, "It is his majesty's pleasure that those who are the best gentlemen shall ride forwards." Away scampered the *Welsh*, and but one solitary man was left behind.



"And so, sir," says the king to him, "you are not a gentleman then?" "O yes, and please your majesty, hur is as good a shentleman as the rest; but hur ceffyl (horse), God help hur, is not so good."

Bigger than London.

A Scotchman, anxious, as usual, to exalt the honour of his native land, asserted that London was by no means the biggest town in Britain. "It's a big place, I'll allow, mon, but in my country there is a town still *Biggar!*" and on referring to the map, his assertion was found true, for there was duly inserted a town called 'Biggar.'

Your Birth.

We often laugh at our neighbours' mistakes; they might have smiled at our own, had they overheard a passenger in one of our steam packets, who wishing to inform a French lady on board that her "berth was ready," made the communication as follows:—"Madam, *votre* NAISSANCE *est arrangée.*"

Taxes.

Some *profound* financiers tell us, that it is of no consequence to us how much we are taxed, because the taxes raised are not thrown away, but spent among us. We might as well tell the housewife, that when her fagot is burned, it is not *wasted;* it is merely decomposed and sent into the atmosphere, and that it will return in some *shape or other;* both stories are very philosophical; but the old lady would tell you that she could not replace her fagot without putting her hand into her pocket.

Unexpected Interpretation.

An *independent* elector of one of the midland counties, when called upon by a young slip of aristocracy, who was canvassing the freeholders, replied that if the right honourable candidate would engage to bestow upon his (the elector's) second son, a situation in his lordship's gift, in the event of its becoming vacant, the suffrage should certainly be given as solicited. "My dear sir," was the reply, "I shall be too proud to serve your son." The scion of the noble house of ——— was returned, and the vacancy anticipated by the elector shortly occurred; but his lordship wisely disposed of it to one from whom he had still something to expect. The disappointed voter was exclaiming loudly to one of his acquaintances against this breach of faith on the part of his lordship. "I do not perceive," answered his friend, "that he has been guilty of any. He told you that he should be too proud to serve your son, and the event has shown that he spoke the truth."

One Exception.

A disappointed author, indulging in a vein of abuse against a successful rival, exclaimed, "He is, without exception, the most superficial, self-sufficient, ignorant, shallow creature that ever made any pretensions to literature." "Gently, my dear sir," interrupted a gentleman; "*you quite forget yourself!*"

Memorable saying of Kosciusko.

When this brave Pole arrived at Cracow, where the revolution commenced, he made, to the little

band of patriots under his command, the following heart-stirring speech: "We are not strong enough in number to be victorious, *but we are enough to die with honour in defending our country.*"

Go to Brighton.

A *poor* valetudinarian was recommended to take a change of air for the benefit of his health. "Go to Brighton," said the medical man; "the air of Brighton is very *good* for *pectoral* complaints." "But very *bad* for *pocket* complaints, is it not, doctor?" replied the invalid.

Out of Place.

When the beau-monde held their coteries, and pitched tents, upon the leads of the houses, it was referred to a person, who, not approving of it, said that it was making too great an encroachment upon the cats.

Curtailed.

A strapping fellow told a diminutive man, that he was "curtailed of man's fair proportion." "If you will just step out on the green," said the little one, "you shall find that I am not *cur-hearted*, although I am *cur-tailed.*"

A Good Move.

Sheridan being on a parliamentary committee, one day entered the room as all the members were seated, and ready to commence business; perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and looking round the table with a droll expression of countenance, said, "Will any gentleman *move* that I may *take the chair*?"

Quizzical but not Quizzable.

As a party of young men from the city we riding a few days since through Cambridge, in Ne England, being somewhat vinous, they amused thei selves with 'tricks upon travellers;' speering at the odd questions and laughing at their queer answe The sport went on merrily until one of them ask a sober citizen, if he would "have the goodness inform him in what State they were?"—"State Intoxication" was the ready reply of the interrogat The young men's heads bent to the saddle-bow They rode on, satisfied for the present, that the was no fun in *quizzing*.

Fashionable Dinner Hour.

Some one remarking that the dinner hour w always getting later and later. "Ay," quoth Sa Rogers, "it will soon end in our not dining till t morrow."

Lord Erskine.

At a trial about an engraving, where several di tinguished artists were summoned to give evidenc Lord (then Mr.) Erskine, after flourishing awa made an attempt to puzzle Mr. Stothard, by drawir two angles on a piece of paper, an acute and a obtuse one, and asking, "Do you mean to say the two are alike?" "Yes, I do," was the answer. "S see," said Erskine, turning round, "there is nothin to be got by *angling* here."

Smart Repartee.

An officer in the army, being entertained at gentleman's table while he was in Scotland, ha

pened to commend very highly a dish of fish. A rigid parson of the kirk, looking upon him as a reprobate for being pleased with his dinner, said, "While you pamper the flesh, sir, I hope you do not starve the inward man; the soul is not fed at the mouth, and you ought not to lust after the food that perisheth." The officer was somewhat surprised at this sermon in miniature; but perceiving that his monitor was, like Sir John Falstaff, hugely waisted, he replied, with a smile, fixing his eyes full upon the preacher's protuberant person, "I will be admonished by your example, for I see plainly by your tabernacle, that your food does not perish." He then proceeded to exercise his knife and fork with additional vigour, as the plump kirk-man encouraged him by his *actions* not to pay any regard to his words.

The Infernal Machine.

The infernal machine exploded in the streets of Paris after Bonaparte's carriage had passed, but before Josephine's came up; which being the subject of conversation in a miscellaneous company in England, some one asked what they were talking of? "Nothing material," answered a wit; "only a *blow up* between the First Consul and his wife."

Anecdote from Corinne.

It was announced at Bologna, that an eclipse of the sun would take place at a certain hour; and before the specified time, the people assembled in crowds at the public places to see it. Being impatient at the delay, they called loudly for its approach, as for an actor who had caused them to await his coming on the stage. At length the ex-

pected moment arrived—but the day, which was cloudy, preventing a very striking effect—the multitude, finding the sight did not answer their idea of it, began loudly to *hiss!*

Attention.

A gentleman of Cork ordered his man to call him up at six o'clock; but he awaked him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied, "He came to tell him he had two hours longer to sleep."

A Friendly Wish.

Two Irishmen one day meeting; "I am very ill, Pat," said one, rubbing his head. "Then," replied the other, "I hope you may keep so—for fear of being worse."

Conjectural Knowledge.

The following brief, but pithy dialogue occurred on the Epsom road between a Cockney and a countryman:—

Cockney. I say, Bill, my good fellow, vich is the vay to Epsom?

Countryman. How did you know that my name was Bill?

Cockney. Vy, I guessed it.

Countryman. But how did you know that I was a good fellow?

Cockney. Vy, I guessed it.

Countryman. Then guess the way to Epsom.

Proof.

A woman, suspected of having given poison to her husband, was apprehended by the constable.

he man certainly looked very ill; yet, as there as no direct proof, and as, above all things, he had t died, there was still some probability in her fa-ur. Mr. Constable was sadly puzzled between the o and con; and was at last fairly driven from the ld by the following appeal from the weeping dy:—"I never gave him any thing to hurt him; ly *open* him; and you will see how false it is!"

James the Second's Single Good Thing.

There is but one instance on record of James II. tering an expression of wit or humour; and, range to say, that would appear to have been ex-essed from him by the weight of his sorrows at e Revolution. During the advance of the prince Orange towards London, as, morning after morn-g, some leading man or other was found to have ft the king's camp during the night, and gone er to the liberator, the prince of Denmark used to claim, as each successive instance was related to s majesty, "Est il possible?" (Is it possible?) as he could not believe there was so much treachery human nature. At length, the good prince of enmark found it necessary, with his wife Anne, follow the example of those well-principled per-ns; James remarked, when told of it in the morn-g, "What! is Est-il-possible gone too?"

Female Courage.

With respect to courage, the author of 'L'Apo-gie de beau sexe,' relates a story, which, if true, is seldom been equalled by man. A servant girl Lisle, remarkable for her fearless disposition, id a wager that she would go into a charnel-house midnight, with a light, and bring from thence a



girl, instead of discovering any symptoms of
or fright, very coolly laid it down and said,
there it is then," and took up another: upon
the voice repeated, "Leave me my head!"
heroic girl, observing it was the same voi
had called before, answered in her country
—"Nae, nae, friend, ye canna ha' twa heads

Dr. Friend.

Dr. Friend, coming home, after having go
self highly primed at a dinner party, was cal
to see a lady taken dangerously ill. With
difficulty he went, or rather was led, to the
of the patient; where, holding fast by a b
with one hand, he seized with the other the
wrist; but all attempts to note the pulsation
vain, and he could only mumble out, "Dru
Jove! Drunk!" "Oh, madam," cried the w

he assumed a tone of quiet but severe sarcasm. A troublesome patient, who only fancied himself ill, pestered him one day with inquiries as to what he should eat. "My directions on that point," said Sir Richard, "will be few, and simple: you must not eat the shovel, poker or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, for they are windy; but any thing else you please!"

Best Upper Leather.

The following *sound* advice occurs in an almanac: —'If you wish to have a shoe of durable materials, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker; for that never lets in water.'

Dædalus.

A fellow once brought a vast number of people together in London, by giving out, that on a certain day, he would fly over Westminster Hall in the manner of Icarus. One of the crowd, waiting for this sight on Westminister Bridge, inquired of a neighbour, "Pray, who was Icarus?" to which the reply was, "The son of *Diddle-us*, I believe."

An Anonymous Letter.

An affectation of knowledge, is always worse than an acknowledgment of actual ignorance. A person lately called on a friend to complain of a letter which he had received, containing matter by no means complimentary. "Do you know *who* has addressed this letter to you?" said his friend. "No," was the answer. "Then it was anonymous, I suppose." "*Yes,*" replied the insulted party, with the *most imperturbable* gravity, "*very anonymous indeed, I assure you.*"



Dr. Radcliffe.

Dr. Radcliffe was avaricious, and would never pay his bills, without much importunity. A pavior, after many fruitless attempts, caught him as he was going out in his chariot. "Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides." "You dog, you," said the doctor, "are you a wit? You must be poor; come in and be paid."

Lord Sandwich.

Lord Sandwich, a member of that administration which carried on the American war, though a dignified looking nobleman in dress, was so ungainly a walker in the street, that on a gentleman of his acquaintance expressing a doubt whether an individual at a distance was his lordship or not, another is said to have remarked, "Oh yes, I am sure it is Lord Sandwich: for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once." His lordship used to relate of himself, that, having once taken lessons in dancing at Paris, he asked the *professor*, at the conclusion, if he could do him any favour in his own country; to which the man replied, bowing, "I should take it as a particular favour, if your lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance."

Old Bailey Wit.

A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop-door in Holborn, with which he ran

away. *Judge, to shoemaker, who had pursued and seized the prisoner*—"What did he say when you caught him?" *Witness*—"My lord, he said he took the boots in joke." *Judge*—"And pray, how far was he off when you caught him?" *Witness*—"About forty yards, please your lordship." *Judge*—"I am afraid this is carrying the joke too far:" and he condemned the prisoner.

Valuable Evidence.

In a case of assault, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman. "Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" "I saw a stone, and I'ze pretty sure the defendant throwed it." "Was it a large stone?" "I should say it wur a largish stone." "What was its size?" "I should say a sizeable stone." "Can't you answer definitely how big it was?" "I should say it wur a stone of some bigness." "Can't you compare it to some other object?" "Why, if I were to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk."

A Good Understanding.

The following anecdote is related in the John Bull, an English publication:—"A simple fellow in the country being informed that the Cabinet were united, and that there was a *good understanding between* Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, Lord Durham, and Sir Jas. Graham, said that he was glad to hear even *that*—but in these times he thought it would be better if they had a *good understanding apiece!*

Waterloo Medal.

A Frenchman sneered at a British soldier for wearing a Waterloo medal, a thing which did not cost the English government three francs. "It may have cost the English government only three francs," said the soldier; "but it cost the French a *Napoleon* besides."

Bold Reply.

James the Second, who so seldom said a good thing, one day said a very ill-bred one. He declared in the midst of his courtiers, that "he had never known a modest man make his way at court." To this observation, one of the gentlemen present boldly replied, "And, please your majesty, whose fault is that?" The king was struck, and remained silent.

A Good Sort of Man.

"Pray," said a lady to Foote, "what sort of man is Sir John D.?" "Oh! a very good sort of man." "But what do you call a good sort of man?" "Why, madam, one who preserves all the exterior decencies of ignorance."

Instinct of a Bird.

A gentleman, the front of whose house was shaded by trees, used every day to watch the actions of a small bird whose nest he could easily distinguish among the foliage of a projecting branch. The young birds in process of time fledged their wings, and flew from branch to branch in imitation of their parent, until they left the tree and winged their

flight carelessly through the air. The mother fe[illegible] remained near the tree, and endeavoured by every means to entice them back, but the young truants having found the use of their pinions, soon left her, and nothing more was heard of them. What most surprised the gentleman was that the mother should still inhabit the tree, frequently alighting upon the ground and picking up worms or crumbs, which she bore to the nest. Day after day passed, and still her occupation was the same, and she seldom if ever went out of sight of the tree. At length curiosity prompted the gentleman to ascertain the cause of such strange conduct on the part of the bird. He accordingly had the nest taken down. It contained a bird fully feathered, which in vain essayed to fly from the place of its birth. On closer examination, it was found that the leg of the little prisoner was closely entangled in some horse-hair which lined the interior of the nest. When freed, it was unable to fly, though its wings were perfectly fledged.

Time at Royal Discretion.

The great have always been flattered; but never was adulation carried farther than on the part of a lady of honour to Queen Anne. The queen having asked her what the time was, "Whatever time it may please your majesty," was the reply.

Unpleasant Compliment.

Mr. Pitt being in company with the late Duchess of Gordon, who spoke the Scotch dialect in the broadest manner, she told him that some of her family had gone to France, and was asked by him



why she was not of the party. She said, in answer, "That it was very awkward to be in a country, and not know the language." "Why," said Mr. Pitt, "your grace has not found any such inconvenience in England."

Paint.

The old duchess of Bedford, if born, as she herself once declared, before nerves came in fashion, had not at least been born before it was fashionable to paint. Her grace was indeed, notoriously addicted to rouge, which she used in uncommon quantities. Lord North one day asked George III. when his majesty had seen the old lady? The king replied, "He had not seen her face, nor had any other person, he believed, for more than twenty years."

Condescension in Love.

When Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Porter, he told her he was of mean extraction; had no money; and had an uncle hanged! The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, replied, that she had no more money than himself; and that, although she had not a relation hanged, she had fifty who *deserved hanging*. And thus was accomplished this singular amour.

Intelligence of Birds.

A gentleman, residing in Catskill, relates the following:—A son of his, in the early part of the season, put up a cage in his garden, intended for the *blue bird*. Soon after it was completed, a pair of *wrens paid* it a visit, and being pleased with the *tenement*, took possession and commenced building

a nest. Before, however, the nest was completed, a pair of blue-birds arrived, laid claim to the cage, and after a hard battle, succeeded in ousting the wrens, and forthwith completed the nest on a plan of their own. But the male wren was a bird of spirit, and not disposed to submit tamely to the injury. Some days after, watching his opportunity when his antagonist was away, he entered the cage, and commenced rolling the eggs out of the nest. He had thrown out but one, when the blue-bird discovered him, and, with loud cries, made an immediate attack. The wren sought safety in a neighbouring currant-bush, and, by his activity in dodging about among the branches and on the ground, succeeded in eluding his enraged adversary. The blue-bird gave up the chase, and returned to examine the condition of his nest. The egg had luckily fallen on a soft bed, and was not broken. After a careful examination, he took it in his claws and returned it safely to the nest.

Veracity.

A gentleman in company with Mr. C. Bannister, boasted that he had destroyed five hundred men with his own hands. "Sir," said Charles, "I have killed a few in my time also—let me see; five at Madrid, ten at Lisbon, twenty at Paris, thirty at Vienna, and double the number at the Hague. At length, coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarce disembarked, when a desperate fellow of an Irishman killed me." "Killed you!" said Munchausen; "what do you mean by that?" "Sir," replied the wit, "I did not dispute your veracity, and why should you question mine?"



Take Advice.

An old gentleman, who used to frequent the Chapter coffee-house, being unwell, thought he might steal an opinion concerning his case; accordingly, one day he took an opportunity of asking Dr. Buchan, who sat in the same box with him, what he should take for such a complaint?" "I'll tell you," says the Doctor—"you should take *advice*."

Difference between Literal and Literary.

During the institution of a society in Liverpool, for the purpose of literary improvement, a gentleman of strong body, but of slender wit, applied to be admitted a member; "I think," said he to the president, "I must certainly be a vast acquisition to a society of this kind, as I am undoubtedly a *great* man, in the *literal* sense of the word?" "True," replied the other; "but I am afraid you are but a *little* man in the *literary* sense of the word."

Pure English.

The English ambassador demanded of Louis XIV. the liberation of the Protestants who had been condemned to the galleys on account of their religion. "What would the king of Great Britain say if I asked him to liberate the prisoners in Newgate?" "Sire," replied the ambassador, "the king, my master, would grant your majesty's request, if you reclaimed them as your brethren."

A Teacher.

A teacher one day endeavouring to make a pupil *understand the* nature and application of the passive *verb, said to him,* "A passive verb expresses the re-

ceiving of an action, as, Peter is beaten! now what did Peter do?" The numskull paused a moment, and scratching his head by way of aiding thought, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he *hollered!*"

Proof of Sanity.

Sir Theodore Mayerne, physician to king James I. and who made an immense sum by his practice, was once consulted by a friend, who laid two broad pieces of gold upon the table (six and thirties), and Sir Theodore put them into his pocket. The friend was hurt at his pocketing such a fee; but Sir Theodore said to him, "I made my will this morning, and, if it should appear that I refused a fee, I might be deemed *non compos.*"

But!

In case of assault, where an eminent brewer was concerned, the following ingenious argument was stated in the pleadings to have been used by that individual: "If there be any charge made against the beer, *rebutt* it." It was this clench in jest, which led to the assault in earnest; so that neither your *if* nor your *but* is a certain peacemaker.

Legal Advice.

"Sir," said a barber to an attorney who was passing his door, "will you tell me if this is a good seven shilling piece?" The lawyer, pronouncing the piece good, deposited it in his pocket, adding, with great gravity, "If you'll send your lad to my office, I'll return the four-pence."



Competition of Wonders.

Several gentlemen at a party contested the honour of having done the most extraordinary thing. A reverend DD. was appointed to be judge of their respective pretensions. One produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it; a cry went through the room, that this would not be outdone; when a second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money lent to him. The palm is his, was the universal outcry; when a third observed, "Gentlemen, I cannot boast of the feats of either of my predecessors; but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they had left at my house." "I'll hear no more," cried the arbiter; "this is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty and unheard-of deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never before knew any person capable: the prize is yours."

Rats.

"Dick, what are you about there?" said a gentleman to his servant whom he saw loitering about the barn. "Catching rats, sir!" "And how many rats have you caught?" "Why, sir, when I get the one I'm after now, and another one, it will make two!"

Lord Peterborough.

The eccentric lord Peterborough, though one of the most brilliant of modern military characters, was overshadowed by the duke of Marlborough. On a temporary return from Spain, where he was commanding, he found all his projects, proposals and recommendations taken by the ministry ad referendum, which disgusted him so much, that he threw himself into a sedan chair to return home, and

drawing the curtains all round, sat indulging his own morose thoughts. As he was passing the streets, the populace took up an idea that he was the rival general, and gathered round crying, "God bless the duke of Marlborough! God bless the duke of Marlborough!" "Gentlemen," said his lordship, pushing down one of the windows, "I am not the duke of Marlborough." "O yes," said a spokesman of the multitude, "you are the duke of Marlborough: we know you well enough." "Gentlemen," said lord Peterborough, "I am not the duke of Marlborough. Let me down," he cried to the chairman. Got out of the chair, and now standing,—"I am not the duke of Marlborough, I tell you, and I will now give you two convincing proofs that I am not: one is, that I have but a single guinea," and he turned his pockets inside out: "the other is, that I give it you;" and he threw it among them.

Bon-Mot of George III.

A heavy-heeled cavalry officer, at one of the balls, astounded the room by the peculiar *impressiveness* of his dancing. A circle of affrighted ladies fluttered over to the prince, and inquired by what possibility they could escape being trampled out of the world by this formidable performer. "Nothing can be done," said the prince, "since the war is over; then he might have been sent back to America, as a republication of the *stamp* act."

Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

Lord Bath passed for one of the wisest men in *England.* "When one is in opposition," was one *of his sayings*, "it is very easy to know what

say: but when one is minister, it is difficult to know what not to say."

Another of the Same.

Lord Chancellor Loughborough told the Duke of Bridgewater, he never knew Lord Bath. "How?" said Bridgewater; "were you not a minister at the same time that he was a minister?" "Yes," was the reply, "personally; but I used to go to bed before twelve, and Lord Bath never was himself (that is, in the full plenitude of his faculties and gaiety) till after."

Negro Philosophy.

John Canepole was a small pocket edition of humanity. He had a black servant who was a stout fellow; and being a privileged joker, Sambo let no occasion pass unimproved, where he could rally his master upon his diminutive carcase. John was taken sick, and Sambo was sent for the doctor. The faithful negro loved his master, and upon the arrival of the physician looked up in his face anxiously. Examining the symptoms, the Doctor pronounced his patient in no danger. Reassured by this, Sambo's spirits returned, and he indulged his natural disposition for drollery. "I tell you, Doctor, Massa Canepole will die, cause he got a fever!" "A fever, you black dog," said the patient, "does a fever always kill a man?" "Yes massa, when a fever get into such a little man, it never hab room to *turn* in him, and if the fever no turn, you die sartin!"

Advantages of Low Prices.

A gentleman in one of the steam-packets asked *the steward*, when he came round to collect the

passage money (of 6*d.* each, for the best cabin), if there was not some danger of being blown up. The latter promptly replied, "No, sir, not the least; we cannot afford to blow up people at these low prices."

Jacobitism.

Lord Peterborough, about the time of the revolution of 1688, was anxious to obtain a fine singing canary from a coffee-house keeper in London, his mistress having taken a fancy for it. Finding the people obstinately bent against selling it, he at last contrived to steal it, leaving a female one in its place. Some two years after, he ventured to say to the good woman of the house, that he supposed she would now take the money he formerly offered for the bird. "Indeed, sir," answered she, "I would not; nor would I take any sum for him; for,—would you believe it?—from the time that our good king was forced to go abroad and leave us, *the dear creature has not sung a note!*"

A Terrible Thing Out-Terribled.

A dull play-wright, about to read one of his compositions in the green-room at Drury Lane, observed, that he knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece before such a critical audience. "I know one thing more terrible," said Mrs. Powell. "What can that be?" asked the author. "To be obliged to sit and hear it."

Wreckers.

The people at a certain part of the coast of Cornwall, where wrecks frequently happen, used to be so

demoralized by the unrestrained plunder of the unfortunate vessels, that they lost almost every humane feeling. It is said, that even the clergy sunk under the dominion of this species of selfishness, and were almost as bad as the people. One Sunday, the news of a wreck was promulgated to a congregation engaged in public worship; and in an instant all were eagerly hurrying out at the door, to set off towards the spot. The clergyman hereupon called, in a most emphatic voice, that he only desired to say five more words to them. They turned with impatient attention to hear him. He approached as if to address them; when, having got to the front of the throng, "Now," says he, "let us start fair!" and off he ran, all the rest following him, towards the place where the wreck had happened, which, it is believed, he was the first to reach.

Moderation.

The most confirmed drunkard we ever knew, was an old man in the land 'of pumpkins,' who possessed the greatest possible abhorrence for anti-temperance. Having drunk nine mugs of cider at a neighbour's house, one evening, he concluded to leave off a pure denial by taking another.—"I believe, neighbour T——," says old Guzzlefunction, "that I'll take another glass of your cider. I love good cider as well as any body, but as for swilling it down as some people do, I never could."

Sir Isaac Newton.

All the world has heard of Sir Isaac roasting himself before a great fire, till informed of the possibility of escaping the fate he apprehended, by *pushing* back his chair. The story of his employing

the finger of a lady whom he was courting, as a tobacco-stopper, is equally well known. Not so that which follows:—Dr. Stukely, one day, visiting Sir Isaac by appointment, was told by a servant that the philosopher was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but as it was near dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. After a time, dinner was brought in a baked chicken under a cover. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The doctor ate the fowl, and, covering up the empty dish, bade the servant dress another for her master. Before that was ready, the great man came down; he apologized for his delay, and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service; I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted the cover, and, without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile: "See," says he, "what we studious people are; I forgot I had dined."

Indirect Answer.

A person employed by a sick gentleman to read to him, very soon evinced a great aptitude to stumble, whenever he came to any word not belonging to his mother tongue. Tired with this, at length, the sick man asked him if he really pretended to know any other language than his own. "Why, really, sir," answered the unfortunate reader, "I cannot exactly say I do; but I have a brother who is perfectly acquainted with French."

John Bunyan.

What are now denominated *mince pies* were formerly called *Christmas pies*. When John Bunyan, author of the Pilgrim's Progress, was in

Shrewsbury jail for preaching and praying, a gentleman who knew his abhorrence for any thing popish and wished to play upon his peculiarity, one 25th of December sent his servant to the poor Puritan, and desired his acceptance of a large Christmas pie. John took little time to consider; but, seizing the pasty, desired the messenger to thank his master, and "Tell him," added he, "I have lived long enough, and am now hungry enough, to know the difference between *Christmas* and *pie*."

Preventive of Jealousy.

A beautiful young lady having called out an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension; and believing that she was in love with him, in a very pressing manner desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. "Because, sir," replied the lady, "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause for jealousy."

Paying Toll.

A tar, with two wooden legs, passed over Hampton-bridge the other day, and paid the usual halfpenny. Thence he stumped to a neighbouring public house, and asked for a half pint of beer, saying he would have had a pint but for paying the toll. "Lord love you," rejoined Boniface, "you had no right to pay, you are no foot passenger, for you have no feet." "No more I an't," exclaimed Jack, "and shiver my timbers if I don't have it back." With this determination he repaired to the toll keeper, laid down the ground of exemption, which was allowed, and Jack rejoiced over a full pint.

Happiness.

A captain in the navy, meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth Point, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have just flogged *seventeen*, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

An Expedient.

The following anecdote is related of Sir Robert Walpole: Being afraid, on one occasion, that the bishops would vote against him in a question before the house of lords, he induced the Archbishop of Canterbury to stay at home for two or three days, and circulated a report that his grace was dangerously ill. On the day of meeting, the house was crowded with lawn-sleeves, not one of which voted against the court!

The Broom-Seller.

Bacon was wont to commend much the saying of an old man at Buxton, who sold brooms. A young spendthrift came to him for a broom upon trust, to whom the old man said,—"Friend, hast thou no money? borrow of thy back and of thy belly; they'll never ask thee for it: I shall be dunning thee every day."

Wit on a Death-bed.

Swift's Stella, in her last illness, being visited by her physician, he said, "Madam, I hope we shall soon get you up the hill again." "Ah," said she,

"I am afraid, before I get to the top of the hill, I shall be *out of breath*."

Washington's Punctuality.

When General Washington assigned to meet congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall, while the clock was striking twelve. Whether his guests were present or not, he always dined at four. Not unfrequently, new members of congress, who were invited to dine with him, delayed until dinner was half over; and he would then remark, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here. My cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has." When he visited Boston, in 1789, he appointed eight o'clock, A. M. as the hour when he should set out for Salem; and while the Old South clock was striking eight, he was mounting his horse. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him, were parading in Tremont street after his departure, and it was not until the general reached Charles River bridge, that they overtook him. On the arrival of the corps, the general, with perfect good nature, said, "Major ———, I thought you had been too long in my family, not to know when it was eight o'clock." Captain Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the United States, had a beautiful pair of horses, which he wished to dispose of to the general, whom he knew to be an excellent judge of horses. The general appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them. But the captain did not arrive with the horses until a quarter past five, when he was told by the groom that the general was there at five, and then fulfilling other engagements. Pease, much mortified, was obliged to wait a week for an-

other opportunity, merely for delaying the first quarter of an hour.

Old, but not to be tired on.

A traveller, coming into the kitchen of an inn on a very cold night, stood so close to the fire, that he burned his boots. A little boy, who sat in the chimney corner, cried out to him, "Take care, sir, or you will burn your spurs." "My boots you mean, I suppose," said the traveller. "O no, sir," replied the arch rogue, "*they be burnt already.*"

Another.

One poor beau told another, that his new coat was too short for him. "True," answered he of the short skirts: "I assure you, however, it will be *long enough* before I get another."

Hole versus Darn.

Ned Shuter thus explained his reason for preferring to wear stockings with holes, to having them darned:—"A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman; but a darn is *premeditated poverty.*"

Retort Courteous.

Dr. Busby, whose figure was much under the common size, was one day accosted, in a coffee-room, by an Irish baronet of colossal stature, with, "May I pass to my seat, O giant?" when the doctor, politely making way, replied, "Pass, O pigmy!" "Oh sir, said the baronet, "my expression referred to the size of your intellect." "And my expression, sir," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."



Mist.

"Suppose you were lost in a fog," said L
his noble relative, the Marchioness—"wha
most likely to be?" "*Mist*, of course," re
ladyship.

George III. and the Whigs.

When the Whigs came into power in 1
turned out every body, even Lord Sand
master of the stag-hounds. The king met
ship, soon after. "How do you do?" crie
jesty. "So they have turned you off? it
my fault, upon my honour, for it was a r
could do to keep my own place."

Definitions!

Horne Tooke, in his "Diversions of I
troduces the derivation of King Pepi
Greek noun *osper!* as thus,—osper, eper
per; napkin, nipkin, pipkin, pepin king
pin! And, in another work, we find th
of pickled cucumber from King Jere
pli gratia,—King Jeremiah, Jeremiah
King; jirkin, girkin, pickled cucumb
name of Mr. Fox, as derived from a
thus,—Rainy day, rain a little, rain m
reynard, Fox!

The Miracle.

An old mass-priest, in the reign c
after the bible was translated, was r
scale of the five loaves and two fi
came to the verse that reckons th



"I bled all the right ward, and purged all the le
"Good," replied the other; "then, to-day, purge
the right, and bleed all the left;" and then lea
into his carriage.

Lady Hardwicke and her Bailiff.

A bailiff, having been ordered by lady Hardwi
to procure a sow of the breed and size she parti
larly described to him, came one day into the din
room, when full of great company, proclaiming w
a burst of joy he could not suppress, "I have b
at Royston fair, my lady, and got a sow exactly
your ladyship's size."

Perfection.

A celebrated preacher having remarked in
sermon that everything made by God was perf
"What think you of me?" said a deformed man
a pew beneath, who arose from his seat, and poin
at his own back. "Think of you?" reiterated
preacher; "why, that you are the most *per*
hunchback my eyes ever beheld."

Recovery of a Spendthrift.

A nobleman, whose son was a hard drinker, a
had been cutting down all the trees upon his esta
inquired of Charles Townshend, who had j
returned from a visit to him, "Well, Charles, h
does my graceless dog of a son go on?" "Why
should think, my lord," said Charles, "he is on
recovery, as I left him *drinking the woods*."

Clerical Preferment.

Among the daily inquiries after the health of
aged Bishop of Durham, during his indisposition

no one was more sedulously punctual than the Bishop of ———, and the invalid seemed to think, that other motives than those of anxious kindness might contribute to this solicitude. One morning he ordered the messenger to be shown into his room, and thus addressed him:—"Be so good as to present my compliments to my Lord Bishop, and tell him that I am better—much better; but that the Bishop of Winchester has got a sore throat, arising from a bad cold, *if that will do!*"

State Affairs.

A coach containing four members of parliament was overturned in the Strand. A countryman passing inquired who were the unfortunate persons; and being told, "Oh, let them lie," cried he, "my father advised me not to meddle with state affairs."

Charles II.

The following anecdote, if it have not much of the wit, has at least a good deal of the character of 'the Merry Monarch.' He had a saying that five made the best company. It happened that a recruiting captain was so remarkably unsuccessful as to raise only five persons. When it was proposed that he should be broken for negligence, the king inquired how many he had raised; on being told, "Oddsfish!" cried his majesty, "he shan't, for five's the best company in the world."

Ferguson the Plotter.

When this famous person was taken up for his concern in some of the plots of the reign of Charles

II. and brought before Lord Nottingham to be examined, his lordship said, "I intend to be very brief with you, Mr. Ferguson, and only ask one or two questions;" to which the prisoner replied, with his usual acrimony of tone, "And I intend to be as short as your lordship, and not answer one of them." Whereupon he was committed to Newgate.

Delicacy.

A courtier of the time of Charles II.—the greatest of his age—used to pay the following pretty compliment to the scruples which are entertained by ladies on the subject of age; he used to say to his lady every New Year's Day, "Well, madam, how old will your ladyship please to be this year?"

Example.

Examples make a greater impression upon us than precepts. An old counsellor in Holborn used to turn out his clerks every execution day, with this compliment, "Go, ye young rogues, to school and improve."

Sir Francis Bacon.

When Queen Elizabeth made her famous procession to St. Paul's, to return public thanksgiving for the destruction of the Spanish armada, the citizens were ranged along one side of Fleet street, and the lawyers on the other. As the Queen passed Temple Bar, Bacon, then a student, said to a lawyer that stood next him, "Do but observe the courtiers; *if they* bow first to the citizens, they are in debt; if *to us, they* are in law."

Transposition of Syllables.

One of our most celebrated poets, occasionally a little absent of mind, was invited by a friend, whom he met in the street, to dine with him next Tuesday, at a country lodging he had taken for the summer months. The address was, "Near the Green Man at Dulwich," which, not to put his inviter to the trouble of pencilling down, our bard promised faithfully to remember. But when Tuesday came, he, fully late enough, made his way to *Greenwich*, and began inquiring for the sign of the *Dull Man*. No such sign was to be found; and, after losing an hour, a person guessed, that though there was no *Dull Man* at *Greenwich*, there was a *Green Man* at *Dulwich*, which the gentleman might possibly mean. This remark connected the broken chain, and our poet took his chop by himself.

Who would Groan and Sweat?

When Foote was in Paris, in the course of an evening's conversation with some English gentlemen, the subject turned on Mr. Garrick's acting; when some of the company expressed their fears of that great performer's relinquishing the stage. "Make yourselves easy on that head," replied the wit, "for he'd play Richard before a kitchen fire in the dog days, provided he was sure of getting a sop in the pan."

James II.

James II. having appointed a nobleman to be lord treasurer, when the exchequer was in a very exhausted state, he complained to the king of the irksomeness of the office, as the treasury was so empty.



"Be of good cheer, my lord," replied his majesty, "for you will now see the bottom of your business at once."

Effect of Poetry.

James I. first coined his twenty-two shilling pieces, called Jacobuses, with his head crowned. He afterwards coined his twenty shilling pieces, where he wore the laurel instead of the crown. Ben Jonson observed on this, that "Poets always came to poverty; King James no sooner began to wear bays, than he fell two shillings in the pound."

A Seasonable Hint.

Dean Cowper, of Durham, who was very economical of his wine, descanting one day on the extraordinary performance of a man who was blind, he remarked, that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle." "I do not wonder at it at all, sir," replied Mr. Drake, a minor canon, "for *we* have seen no more than 'that bottle,' all the afternoon."

Posthumous Travels.

Professor Porson being once at a dinner party where the conversation turned upon Captain Cook and his celebrated voyages round the world; an ignorant person, in order to contribute his mite towards the social intercourse, asked him, "Pray, was Cook killed on his first voyage?" "I believe he was," answered Porson, "though he did not mind it much, but immediately entered on a second."

Hospitality.

There is a delightful smack of old England in the following anecdote. The famous Tom Thynne, who was very remarkable for his good house-keeping and hospitality, standing one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him, begged his worship would give him a mug of his small beer. "Why, how now!" said he, "what times are these, when beggars must be choosers! I say, bring this fellow a mug of strong beer."

No Alternative.

A porter passing near Temple Bar, with a load on his shoulders, having unintentionally jostled a man who was going that way, the fellow gave the porter a violent box on the ear, upon which a gentleman passing, exclaimed, "Why, my friend, will you take that?" "Take it," replied the porter, rubbing his cheek; "don't you see he has given it me?"

Original Anecdote.

During the passage of one of our elegant steamboats down Long Island Sound, last summer, a gentleman, not much accustomed to polished society, came so late to the dinner-table, that he found it difficult to obtain a seat. He stood some time with his hands in his pockets, looking wistfully at the smoking viands. He was at last noticed by the captain, who relinquished to him his own chair and plate, when he commenced carving a pig that lay before him. Having finished, he passed portions of the dish to all the ladies in his immediate neighbourhood, and then *heaped a plate for himself.* He



soon perceived a lady who had not been served, and inquired if she would *be helped to some pig?* She replied in the affirmative, and he accordingly handed her the plate which he had reserved *for himself.* Her ladyship feeling her dignity somewhat offended at so bountiful a service, observed with protruded lips, loud enough to be heard all around—"*I don't want a cart-load!*" The gentleman, at her remark, became the object of attention to all at his end of the table, and, determining to retort upon her for her exceeding civility, watched her motions, and observed that she had dispatched the contents of the plate with little ceremony. When this was accomplished, he cried out "Madam, if you'll *back your cart* up this way, I'll give you *another load.*"

THE END.














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